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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The HOUSEHOLD. *A Fragment.*

AN odd request this, yet I have nothing but alacrity in answering it. I will give you, but very briefly—just now I cannot, if I would, be prolix—I will give you the history of them all, and so, to begin:

My family consists of four persons besides myself. At the head of it is Mrs. Elgar, a grave and sedate person, upwards of forty.

She was the daughter of a shoemaker at Bath, who carried on large business; an only daughter. She married, at an early age, Thomas Elgar, originally a parish boy, charitably taken by her father, and gratuitously trained to his business. The lad behaved so well that when of age, his master transferred to him the superintendance of the workmen, and finally gave him his daughter, together with all his business, while he himself, growing into years and infirmity, withdrew from the cares of his profession.

For a few years after marriage Elgar did very well, but gradually he became inspired with insuitable ambition, left off his trade, became a malcontent politician, launched out into expensive living, by which his character and fortune were impaired, and, indeed, his personal safety endangered.

On leaving business he removed to London, and became a revolutionist and demagogue. Finally, he thought proper to remove to America.

Instead of profitably employing the remains of his fortune in establishing himself in some trade in the city, or on some farm in the western country, he idled months and years away in strolling through the streets, reading newspapers, and discussing the merits of ambassadors and treaties. At last, in 1795, the yellow fever overtook him, and he died, leaving his wife with a slender pittance, which, in a twelve month, was consumed. She also was sick, and her recovery was tedious and expensive.

She is an uneducated woman, but has good sense and lively feelings, and very skilful in household management. I knew her first at Bath, and heard a very favourable account of her domestic qualities. Her husband's character and situation were known to me at that time, and I had great compassion

for her. I saw and heard nothing more of them, from my leaving England for Italy, till the winter after my coming hither. I wanted some sewing done, and inquired for a suitable person of Mrs. Wemyss, who directed me to Mrs. Elgar. I went to see her forthwith, and you may think I was surprised on meeting with my old acquaintance in an obscure street and very mean lodging. I soon found her situation to be inconvenient, if not distressful, and did all in my power to alleviate it.

When I came to this house, I invited her to take charge of it, on terms which she gratefully accepted. I have no reason to regret my proceeding, for I have found in her a sweet, placid, and modest disposition; neat, diligent, methodical, of strict integrity, fully mistress of the household science, and studious to oblige me.

She is not one whom I should seek for a companion. She has little curiosity, and few ideas in common with me. She is sensible, too much so, of inferiority and obligation, and is, therefore, never forward or talkative. She has her own apartments, in which, when I want her, I must seek her; and she receives my advances not ungracefully.

I hope I behave to her in no improper manner. Her own proprieties of conduct, as well as my justice, preserve us from all cavillings and disgusts. I respect her much, and my behaviour indicates it. There are different apartments, and occupations, and tastes, but, strictly speaking, there is no inequality between us.

She oversees the chamber and the kitchen. She directs and notes the execution of every duty within doors, and goes to market, and takes care that there is a seasonable supply of all kinds of provision. She carefully preserves an account of all expenses, and renders it to me every fortnight, at which time I give her the sum necessary for the ensuing fortnight, and pay off every bill, undischarged by her at the time.

She contrives to be busy through the day, has very few acquaintances, and seldom visits oftener than twice or thrice a year. No curiosity or love of recreation leads her abroad. She goes only when business calls; at other times is always at home.

She is never idle. If not stirring about, she is at her needle, where lies her great skill, and which she plies with diligence. She works for herself and for me. She takes great pleasure in it, and having time enough, thinks herself obliged by the permission to be my seamstress. In adjusting her wages, however, I take this service into the account.

She wants no remuneration but what, in addition to lodging and board, will defray the expenses of dress. However, I give her three hundred dollars a year, nine tenths of which she insists upon my keeping for her. I take care that, should any accident happen, my debt to her shall be easily established; but, whether I die or live, indeed, I have so managed that she shall never want.

Under her are two girls, one of whom attends the kitchen, and the other the chambers. One bakes, and boils, and keeps the kettles and the hearth in order; the other makes beds, sweeps, and rubs; and both together, with a good woman from abroad, are my laundresses.

They are sisters. Jane and Hannah, one about twenty-two, and the other a year and an half younger. Plain, as you know, in face, but of aspects not vulgar, and genteel in person. I have much concern for them, and am at some pains to keep them within discreet bounds.

They are emigrants, like Mrs.

Edgar. Their father was a taylor, who lived a good while on the hard and scanty earnings of a journeyman, at Manchester. At length he scraped enough together to bring him, his wife, and two daughters to this land of golden promise to the poor.

He still pursued his old vocation, and, though meanly, was able to live much better than at home. Staunton mentioned the family first to me, at a time when an autumnal fever had made lamentable havock on the constitution and purse of poor Knowles. He described the wife as modest, well-looking, and neat; and the daughters as grown-up girls, whose mode of life could not be favourable to the formation of good habits. They added to the burthen already too heavy for their father.

I went to see them. I found their house indigent, but clean. The girls not unprepossessing in their countenance and guise, and, as yet, evidently unspoilt by evil communication. I was very earnest to benefit this family in some way, but hardly knew how.

The mother was enured to laborious habits, and wanted to do something; so I made her my laundress. I could think of nothing better for the girls, but to get them service in some liberal and decent family.

While looking out for some such family, the plague of 1798 invaded us, so that I could do nothing then but help them to leave the city. I provided them a cottage a few miles from the Jersey shore, and took care that they should not want while obliged to be idle.

On my return, having to provide an household of my own, I thought of Hannah and Jenny, and determined to take them under my own care. My mode of living, and the duties of my house, had little resemblance to the life they had always led, but I hoped to find them docile. I confided in my housekeeper's patience and skill; and believed, that under her and my direction, they would soon be qualified to do as I would have them.

Their conduct has not been faultless, and has given me some uneasiness and trouble; but it has been much less faulty, and their intellects are less torpid than their early education had taught me to expect. I looked to find in them a spirit more unmanagable, and tempers far more volatile and stubborn than I have found.

I expect not wonders from any system of treatment which I can adopt, but I do not question my power to make them ultimately worthy and respectable women.

At least, I have great delight in seeing the advantages of their present situation over their former one. Their security from vice, their personal ease, their vivacity are absolute under this roof, and they know that my kindness will not be confined to them merely while living with me.

It was easy to make up such a fund among my friends as has changed Knowles from a journeyman into a master workman. You, as well as many others, have had experience of his punctuality and skill, and I doubt not, but that, in time, he will become a useful and substantial citizen. The honest couple have much confidence in my discreet government, and are very anxious that their girls should remain with me, till they find husbands to their minds; and I hope they may, for they suit me better than one in an hundred others would be likely to do.

Lucy Franks has no stated employment of an household nature. Her duty is to take care of my little girl; to dress and undress her; to sleep with her; to walk with her; to sport with her; and, in some

ſort, to inſtruct her in a thouſand things uſeful to be known.

Lucy's hiſtory is not an ordinary tale. Her father was a Frenchman by deſcent, but being born and naturalized in Tuſcany, changed his name from François, to Franccini. His trade was that of a muſician, and his dwelling place was Leghorn. He married a Sienese girl, and quickly had a family of five daughters.

He played at operas and private concerts, and made out to live. He was thoughtleſs and imprudent, and the gains of the year were generally conſumed at the end of it. As to his children, he treated them with good nature, but had neither the will nor the power to provide them a proper education. Hearing nothing but their father's Oboe at home, they inſenſibly contracted muſical inclinations, and as ſoon as their fingers became flexible enough, were ſeated, all day long, at the harp and the *cembalo.*

He died in the vigour of his age, and left his wife to ſupport a burthen, in the maintenance of his family, to which ſhe was wholly unequal. At this time, Lucia, the eldeſt daughter, was thirteen years of age, tall and extremely beautiful.

This girl had been the pride of her father, and he built great hopes upon her beauty and accompliſhments. His notions, however, of what was deſirable and fitting for his daughter, were ſuch as are only to be found in Italy.

Her parents wanted her to be ſkilled in dancing, muſic, and the theatrical art, not merely for the ſake of gaining riches and fame upon the ſtage, but to ſecure a gainful eſtabliſhment of a different kind. I mean not marriage. The paſſions of the other ſex they wiſhed to be ſubſervient to their girl's views, but they cared not whether marriage ſanctioned the intercourſe or not. Such are Italian morals.

The mother's neceſſities made her look out for a purchaſer of the daughter's beauty earlier than ſhe would otherwiſe have done. A young and diſſolute traveller from England, having ſeen the victim, and diſcovering the mother's character, haſtened to ſtrike a bargain.

I was, at that time, on a viſit to Leghorn, to the family of an Engliſh merchant. We were ſometimes viſited by this Engliſh youth, and others of his countrymen. The frequency of ſuch bargains as I have deſcribed, and the little diſgrace annexed to them by the cuſtoms of the country, made the parties very little ſolicitous for ſecrecy, ſo that the intended tranſfer was eaſily diſcovered.

I confeſs my indignation and my pity were greatly excited by this diſcovery. Theſe emotions were enhanced by a private viſit which I made to the *ſignorella.* I found her juſt riſing into youth, lovely, innocent, and void of apprehenſion as of guilt, a fancy ſprightly and active, and an heart confiding and affectionate, and evidently formed for a ſphere different from that in which ſhe ſeemed deſtined to move. I was determined to ſave her from the ruin that threatened her, yet the ſuitable means did not readily occur to me. I was a good deal perplexed in what manner to act.

I told the ſtory, and diſcloſed my wiſhes and perplexities in a letter to my father, who was then at Piſa. He applauded my reſolutions, and directed me in what manner to proceed to effect them.

By his advice, I again viſited the mother and daughter, and profeſſing to have formed a great attachment for the girl, expreſſed my anxious wiſhes that ſhe might be allowed to take up her abode with me. To enforce this requeſt, I offered, in order to compenſate the mother for the abſence of her child,

a sum, not considerable in itself, but much larger than she had bargained to receive from another quarter.

This unhappy woman listened eagerly to my proposal, professed much love for her child, and much gratitude to one who offered thus to take charge of the girl's future welfare and subsistence, but declined an immediate determination. This delay I soon found to arise from the view of raising the price of her daughter's honour to the Englishman, by mentioning it to him, and, perhaps, exaggerating my proposals.

By dint of importunity, however, by raising my offers, and by remonstrating with her on the guilt of her designs, and the misery to which her child might be reserved by accompanying a foreigner to an unknown land, and particularly to a land of heretics, where her *religious faith* would be in extreme danger of perversion, I at length prevailed with her. I had previously won the heart of the pliant and simple girl, and made her a warm advocate of my scheme. I immediately carried her away with me to Florence.

This girl's accomplishments were such as to set her on a level with females of her age of any rank. Few daughters, perhaps, of Dukes and Marquisses, had a mind more elevated above meanness; but I did not receive her as my equal or my friend. Her birth and poverty were supposed not to place her higher than a decent service in an affluent family; and it was as my personal or favourite attendant merely that I received her from the hands of her mother.

In this situation she was now placed. Few of its toils were allotted to her, but every familiarity on my side was to be regarded as a condescention, and every liberal or pleasurable pursuit in her, was to be numbered among occasional indulgences.

She found in me a solicitude and fondness little short of what a mother might feel. I was then new to the Italian language, and found great profit in conversing with one who had been taught elocution as an art, and who was mistress of all the Tuscan graces. Useful knowledge I imagined to be no wise inconsistent with any business or station in life; and I endeavoured, by talk and by books, to endow her mind with right principles.

She is now nineteen years of age, and time has not fulfilled all the promises of beauty which appeared at thirteen; but still, she is a charming creature. My age, and my treatment of her, make her regard me with as much reverence as love. Her attachment cannot, I think, be exceeded; and long habit, as well as her intrinsic merit, has made her indispensible to my happiness. My little girl has been her charge ever since its birth, and any mishap befalling it, I verily believe, would cost Lucy a sharper pang than it would cost me.

The child and she are always together; of course, she is frequently in my company. When without visitants, she eats and drinks with me. She is frequently my amanuensis and my reader, and I talk and sew with her.

Her dress is much less costly and shewy than mine, but, if custom did not require this difference from us, my taste would never have suggested it. I delight to see her native graces set off with elegant simplicity, and I make her dress just as I would dress myself did I not think some regard proper to be paid to custom and general opinion.

You have asked me what I wish or expect to be the future destiny of Lucy, and I scarcely know how to answer. There can be but one

event which can separate us, and that is her marriage; but her perfect artlessness, her shyness and timidity to all persons of your sex, seems an insuperable bar to the forming of that kind of connection. She is so accustomed to regard herself as nothing in society, and shrinks so much into herself and into a corner when visitants enter, that she is not likely to be known beyond the family.

She has an excellent acquaintance with English, and understands all that is said in her hearing; but she will seldom dare to speak English to a stranger. She has a trembling consciousness of imperfection in this respect, which hinders her from making the attempt.

I confess that I am not displeased with these timorous reserves. She is not unhappy with them. They concenter, as it were, her thoughts and affections to me and to my child. They maintain that spotless and untarnished purity of mind, that almost infantile innocence which has ever distinguished her.

To me she has no reserves. Her heart is always open to my scrutiny; open to its innermost recesses. We talk together very much, all in her own charming dialect, in whose praise you know how much of an enthusiast I am. In itself, but especially from her lips, it is only well regulated music.

I talk with no other as I talk with her. There is a set of objects and ideas limited to us alone. It is not narrative or reasoning. It is pure talk; the uttering all that comes, be it coherent or vague, doubtful or true. It answers more perfectly than any thing else I ever met with, to what may be called thinking aloud; partly owing to our having shared together the adventures and afflictions of so many past years; partly to the sympathy of feelings in the same object, for my child knows no difference between its mother and its nurse, but that one talks English, and the other Siennese to her; but partly too, it rises, I imagine, from that flexile and fluid language that we always use.

So long residence in Italy, has made me know it better than my native English; at least, I utter it more promptly. 'Tis a vocal lapse, whose celerity, like that of a downward stream, needs no foreign impulse to enable it to keep its tenour. In talking it, I seem *to feed on thoughts that voluntary move* to the lips.

But the chief delights of this intercourse flow from her exertions, and not mine. She is my only and my favourite musician; but that is not all; she is also my rehearser. When I want poetry, I find it in her voice or her memory. Like Italians, educated as she has been, she has most of the popular epics and dramas by rote; and these she sings or says to me just as my humour directs. I can image to myself no gratification of the senses or fancy greater than what her music and her recitations afford me.

I love her—but I want the words to say how much. I am proud of her, and of myself, when I think of my relation to her. O, my friend! this creature is a precious deposit, intrusted to my charge by heaven, and never shall I prove faithless to the trust.

Such is my family. All females you perceive. I want no man about me. In that respect, I would have my house to be a convent, and I to be the mistress of it. Here I can reign without scruple; but to govern men was never my province.

You may well believe that I am happy in the midst of such a family, and I am so, but far more than *you* can imagine. You can only have a glimpse of that delightful spectacle of which *I* have a full view. Besides, the present scene

is the close of a very long series of turbulences and trials, the contrast of which, to my present safety and repose, contributes to enhance their value.

On Conversation.

It is a pity that the most useful of intellectual exertions is at the same time the most difficult, but such is *definition*. The difficulty, indeed, disposes us to decry the utility, and to call for definitions is, now-a-days, accounted impolite. That readiness and accuracy of conception and command of language requisite to answer such calls, being seldom or never possessed, the call is heard generally with anger and impatience, and he that is used to make it may pass for logician or philosopher, but will never be ranked with polite men; politeness being merely the art of pleasing, directly, by soothing the vanity or banqueting the passions of others, or, indirectly, by avoiding accusation, and helping others to conceal their incapacity or ignorance.

The demand for definitions is part of the Socratic mode of talking; a mode which has gotten its name from one of the wisest and most benevolent of men, but which is looked upon, in most companies, as rude and clownish, or, at least, as domineering and pedantic. It implies, in him that employs it, a belief not only of the error of his associate, but of his own power to rectify the error. Indeed, it implies something still more obnoxious to the pride of man: it implies, in me that uses it, a belief that my companion may be made to *confute himself*.

The true mode of proceeding on those occasions seems very obvious. If my companion be wrong in thinking me in error, and in thinking me *self-confutable*, let the truth show itself upon experiment. Let him take his own way, and, by putting questions, as many as he wishes, finally detect his own folly.

If he be in the right, why be reluctant to make it appear? Why be ashamed of our credulity or ignorance? Why be so enamoured of our opinions as not willingly to subject them to scrutiny? Do his interrogations prove him to be insolent or self-conceited? Let the promptitude with which we answer them, and adopt the inferences to which they inevitably lead, show our freedom, at least, from the same faults; and our alacrity in search of truth.

When we angrily repulse a Socratic questioner, what kind of temper do we manifest? Resentment, perhaps, at his insolence. The insolence of believing *us* in an error, and of thinking it possible to make *us* confute ourselves. A heinous offence truly!

Suppose, however, that we yield way to his humour, and answer freely and ingenuously all his questions; what will be the consequence? Either we shall ultimately be found in the wrong, and be actually made to confute ourselves, or our questioner will himself appear to be deceived, and the humiliation or conviction he designed for us, will redound upon himself.

Suppose the first consequence take place; then it was proper that it should take place; nor will genuine modesty, and the upright love of truth, labour to shun it. Our opinion was, indeed, erroneous, and the questioner was in the right in supposing our error to be demonstrable.

Suppose the latter consequence to take place; our judgment then is effectually vindicated, and the folly or rashness of the questioner is clearly established. Nor can these ends be accomplished any

otherwise. By sullenly declining to answer, or by openly rebuking the questioner, we do not accomplish these ends. At best, we prove nothing but our own disapprobation of the questioner. We show our opinion of his insolence, but we do not convince others of his folly. For aught that appears, it may be that *he* is right, that *we* are wrong, and that we *could* be made to confute ourselves. The other method is so natural, so ingenuous, so effectual, that not to use it, implies, in the strongest manner, that we are doubtful or fearful of the consequences.

The Socratic mode, you say, is always fallacious. A man may appear to conquer in this warfare, who yet does not deserve the victory. Besides, every one has not his ideas and his words at hand. An artful questioner may easily embarrass and confound the diffident, the involuble, the deficient in dexterity, but may not enlighten or convince.

This may be true, but affords no reason for declining the conflict. If he is not, in truth, victorious, your pride is saved: your opinion, for which you have a parent's fondness, is still your own. You have only shown what, if true, it is only a censurable vanity that would labour to hide; that you have not arguments and words by rote; that your conceptions are not clear, prompt, and lucidly arranged; and, to make no secret of this, freely to acknowledge, or clearly evince these defects, is behaviour far more worthy of an honest mind, than to betray resentment at the imputation, and to repay contempt with contempt.

Contempts repaying contempts, and reproaches exchanged for reproaches; what do they prove? Generally nothing: but the utmost which they can possibly prove is, that our contemner deserves himself to be contemned; our reproacher to be reproached in his turn. They do not vindicate ourselves. They evince not the falsehood of the charges made against us, and are, therefore, no wise satisfactory to a candid judge. X.

The FAMILY *of* LINES.

ALL the knowledge of a science is, perhaps, contained in a knowledge of its terms. At any rate, no knowledge is complete without the knowledge of terms. If the terms be not the *materials* of a science, they are, at least, the *tools* with which these materials are wrought, and without possessing which, the materials are inert and useless.

There is a subordinate, a popular advantage in the knowledge of scientific terms, proportioned to the general use that is made of them, and the frequency to which allusions are made to those ideas or things which they denote. They become parts of the ordinary language, and not to know them, becomes, in some sort, equivalent to ignorance of our native tongue.

This is eminently true with regard to mathematical terms. The things denoted by them so constantly recur to the imagination, and are so often necessary to be mentioned, that there are few who have not accidentally picked up some of them, and no one but who sometimes finds himself bewildered and distressed for want of this knowledge.

Line, *surface*, *cylinder*, *polygon*, are words in constant demand; and vague ideas are commonly annexed to them; but few who have not studied geometry, have taken the trouble to familiarize themselves to the true meaning of these terms, though this is a separate and insulated business, and is as easy as necessary to accomplish.

I was led into these thoughts by a late conversation in which there was occasion to use the word *line* with more distinctness and precision than is customary. I then resolved that, though no mathematician, I would at least make haste to be thoroughly acquainted with the first among mathematical elements, and with that which most frequently occurs in books and discourse. It may perhaps be of use to some of your readers, who are not geometricians, to know the result of my inquiries; and those who are, may not disdain to have their memories refreshed by a simple and perspicuous, and, perhaps, a somewhat new elucidation of the subject.

Things are hard to be defined in proportion to their simplicity, unless to define a thing be nothing more than to say what *it is not*. Thus it is in answering that necessary question, What is a line?

Every sensible object combines three properties, length, breadth, and thickness.

The union of those three constitutes a *solid*.

The union of length and breadth forms a *surface*.

Length alone constitues a *line*. A *line*, therefore, is nothing more than *length*.

Some have gone further than this; they have subtilized still more, and have asked, what is that which has neither length, breadth, or depth? in other words, what is that which is *nothing?* Their answer is, *a point*. A point, therefore, is a mere negation; a nothing; and a mere nothing is—a point.

According to them, a line is formed by putting many points; that is, many *nothings*, together. *Length* is formed by a series of things, the essence of which, separately, is to have *no length*.

Unlearned minds are greatly puzzled with the definition of a *line*, as consisting of points. They easily conceive, that many things, of *different kinds*, put together, will make a thing different from either of the separate ingredients, but combining things of the same kind, can, in their opinion, make no difference but that of number or bulk. But a million of things which individually have *no dimensions at all*, cannot constitute a thing which *has* dimension. Many *such* things cannot even make a thing *larger* than a single one. Twenty snow-balls, on the contrary, may make a snow-ball larger than any one of the twenty, but a thousand snow-balls cannot make a piece of charcoal.

A line, as the fluxion of a point, is no less incomprehensible to all but adepts, so that I content myself with considering a line, as one of the three properties of matter called *dimension*, severed by a process of the understanding from the rest.

If a *single* line be offered to our contemplation, we must say—What? That it is a single line. But we may say more, for if two lines be called up singly and successively, we may discover a difference between them, a difference that is variable without end.

This difference will be found to consist in the *direction* of the line.

In reviewing the terms which flow from varieties in the *direction* of a *single* line, we shall be led to distribute them into two classes, into such as arise from the nature of a line's *direction*, considered absolutely and in itself; and, next, into such as flow from considering that direction in relation to the direction of some *adjacent* line. The direction of a *single* line is, therefore, two-fold—*absolute* and *relative*.

The modifications of absolute direction are indefinite in number. One of this number has been called by a proper name; all the rest

are likewise included under a single appellation. A single line, with a certain absolute direction, is called a *streight* line, every other than a streight line is a *curve*.

All the curves are supposed to have some property in common with each other. Cannot we point it out, and cannot we *define* the difference between a streight line and a curve, and between the different sorts of curves?

Let us imagine the parts, of a series or succession of which, every line must consist. The idea of absolute direction arises from the local relation which each of these parts bears to the rest. Where this relation is unvarying, throughout the whole series, where each part has one and the same relation to every other part, the line is a streight line. Where it continually varies, the line is a *curve*, and this varying direction is *curvature*.

Curvature may, perhaps, be described as regular and irregular, and, also, as greater or less.

Curvature is regular when every two contiguous parts bear the same relation to each other throughout the series.

It is irregular, when the relation between contiguous parts is different at different places of the line. There is but one degree of regular curvature, at which, if the line be indefinitely prolonged, both ends will meet and form the periphery of a circle.

From considering the direction of a single line, in relation to that of another line adjacent to it, we gain the idea of what I call its *relative direction*.

If the given line commencing at a certain point, preserves, through its whole extent, the same distance from a line adjacent, its direction is *parallel*. Parallel lines may be streight or curved, but must always be like each other in absolute direction.

Curved parallels must be like each other, not only in absolute direction, but in the portion of space which they may be supposed to comprehend or traverse: thus,

Curved parallels, which are arcs of circles, must be arcs of circles of the same diameter.

A right line, whose distance from a right line adjacent, is not alike in all its parts, is *inclined*.

There are different degrees of *inclination*. The greatest degree is that at which the inclined line, if prolonged, would touch the adjacent one at a less distance than at any other degree of inclination, and this is called a *perpendicular*. Lines, at other degrees of inclination, are said to be *oblique*. Any line, therefore, inflected from a parallel direction, is either perpendicular or oblique. Obliquity has an indefinite number of degrees.

From the coincidence or touching of two or more lines, there is generated what is called an *angle*. Several lines are requisite to make an angle, but not as ingredients or parts of a whole. An angle is formed by, but is not composed of several lines. Parallel, perpendicular, and oblique lines, must be *adjacent* to, or in *contact* with others, but they are only the two latter, and only the *contact* of these two that produces angles; an angle being the point at which they touch or meet.

Meeting lines may be perpendicular, or, in different degrees, oblique. Does the meeting of lines thus different create a difference in the angle? No, for if the angle be different, there must be a scale or measure, by which to ascertain that difference.

This is attempted to be done by creating a third line, to be in contact with the two first. Three lines thus disposed, may be regarded as a *figure*, that is, as the outlines or boundaries of a *surface*.

To produce this figure, the angle sought is made a centre of a circle, and the *third* line is made the circumference of the circle. This circumference is divided into a fixed number of parts. The angle, or, in other words, the *quantity* of the angle, is found by observing the number of these parts included between the angle—forming lines as they cross or cut the circumference. Thus an angle is said to be of twenty, thirty, or forty degrees.

An angle is not the portion of a certain curve called the periphery of a circle. Such a portion is denominated an *Arc*. An angle is not the portion of any line whatever. It cannot, then, properly be named, in consequence of measurements applied to a line.

An angle is not a certain kind of line. It cannot then be named from the names of various sorts of lines. We cannot say perpendicular or oblique angles. An angle, indeed, is no line at all. What then is it?

A point; but a point has no dimension; an angle, therefore, cannot be greater or less.

An angle has been called, "the opening or inclination of two lines that meet."

Two lines proceeding from a certain point, may be, frequently, said to *open;* but this term is used in relation to the space or distance between them, that is, in relation to surface. We may conceive a figure of three sides or boundaries. Two of these may be conceived to form the figure, by their *opening* and striking both on a third line.

This *opening* is a trick of fancy, the opening lines being here supposed to *move onward*, and to become, at each moment, further from each other.

Inclination is a like creature of the fancy; the lines, in this case, being imagined to approach instead of receding from each other.

Opening or inclining, therefore, though figuratively applied to lines, cannot be applied merely to that point at which the lines meet.

Angles have been said to be *right*, *acute* or *obtuse*.

If *right* be here used in contradiction to a curve, the use of it is vague. The quality of *streightness* in a line, has no analogy with any thing pertaining to an angle. If a right angle were to be an angle formed by right lines, this appellation would include what are now called obtuse and acute angles, since these may likewise be formed by right lines.

Among the names given to angles, two of them, *obtuse* and *acute*, are suitable correlatives, but the third *(right)*, is framed upon some singular principle. It does not, as the unlearned might expect, denote a medium between, or a negation of acuteness and *obtundity*.

But the terms acute and obtuse, used on this occasion, do not fully satisfy the mind. They do not imply the exclusive contemplation of the *meeting point* among several lines.

Angles may certainly be formed by different means; by the meeting of lines, streight or curved, oblique or perpendicular; but the angle thus created, is, in all cases, one and the same.

These remarks may, perhaps, be considered as excessive refinements, or as useless cavils, and, in truth, it was the design of this paper merely to define the established uses of words.

The actual names of angles flow from the absolute direction, the relative direction, and the number of the lines whose meeting points they are.

Considering the *absolute* direction: If the lines be right lines, the angle is a rectilineal angle. If the lines be curves, it is a curvilineal angle. If it be formed by

lines of both sorts, it becomes a mixed angle.

Considering the *relative* direction: The meeting of perpendiculars makes a right angle. The meeting of oblique lines produces an acute or an obtuse angle; acute, if the opening be less, and obtuse, if the opening be greater than that of a right angle.

The consideration of *number* will give birth to two denominations.

If the lines be only two, these lines may be regarded as bounding a surface, and as being the two sides of a figure.

Every surface, the outlines only of which are contemplated, is considered as *plane* or flat.

The angle formed by two lines only, is, therefore, called a plane angle.

Three or more lines flowing from one point, must produce more surfaces than one; consequently, must pertain to a solid, and hence is called a solid angle.

The upper point or apex of a pyramid, is a solid angle.

Diameters, radii, diagonals, axes, arcs, tangents, secants, are *lines;* but I have aimed at describing only the primitive and simple lines, considered absolutely or in their relation to other lines, and in doing this, have, I fear, put your reader's patience to an hard trial. I shall, therefore, merely put the terms explained in such a form, that the eye shall easily perceive their mutual relations and their distribution.

- Line.
  - Single.
    - Direction.
      - Absolute.
        - Right line.
        - Curve.
      - Relative.
        - Parallel.
        - Inclined.
          - Oblique.
          - Perpendicular.
  - Plural. Coincidence or
    - Angle.
      - Direction.
        - Absolute.
          - Rectilineal.
          - Curvilineal.
          - Mixed.
        - Relative.
          - Acute.
          - Right.
          - Obtuse.
      - Number.
        - Plane. Bilineal.
        - Solid.
          - Trilineal.
          - Quadrilineal, &c.

Remarks on Short-hand Writing.

SHORT-HAND has grown considerably into use of late years. In some schools in Great Britain, it has been adopted as a part of ordinary education, and the authors of schemes of short-hand writing are never tired of dwelling on its excellencies and advantages. It may, therefore, be worth while to reflect a moment upon the possibility and limits of this accomplishment.

Penmanship is an art of the highest value, and, in the instruction of youth, the utmost stress should be laid upon it. No pains should be spared, at an age when the muscles are pliant and the joints flexible, to create the habits of a skilful penman. This skill, it is obvious to remark, comprehends two things, legibility and swiftness.

It may seem superfluous to dwell upon the importance of *legibility*. No argument seems necessary to prove, that one of the most essential qualities of good writing, is, that it may easily be read; and yet, nothing is more rare than to

find writing that possesses this quality, even in a small degree. The power of comparing and inferring, in the human mind, is so great, and this power, in relation to written characters, is so much improved by exercise, that most penmen place an excessive and unreasonable confidence in it, and neglect almost every rule by which writing is made easily and accurately legible.

This negligence arises from the desire of expedition. In transcribing our own words, or those of others, the movements of the hand are necessarily much more tardy than those of the imagination or the tongue. Having thoughts and words in possession, we are impatient of that dilatory progress which the hand is obliged to make in rendering them permanent and visible. Thus we hasten to the end, at the cost of elegance and perspicuity, and omit, or distort, syllables and letters, so that none but those accustomed to our pen, or those versed in the business of decyphering, can make out our meaning; and he, indeed, must transcend his fellows by a wonderous distance, whose characters not only can be read, but read with absolute facility.

How far may these excellences be attained? In what degree may swift penmanship be united with legible, is a question which every student should be at great pains to decide. There are many whose sole trade is penmanship, and many more whose professions require the very frequent use of it. To such, it is not easy to overrate the importance of this inquiry.

But few questions are harder to decide than this. We see, in numberless instances, the astonishing swiftness and accuracy to which the movements of the hand and fingers can be brought. In managing the bow of a violin, or touching the keys of an harpsichord, the quickness and exactness of motions are such as to wear, to an unpractised observer, the appearance of something preternatural. There are limits, no doubt, to our powers in all these respects; but these limits are scarcely definable, and, certain it is, that no length of practice, though every hour bring us nearer, will ever, in the longest life, enable us to reach these limits.

In discussing this subject with a friend of mine, who has been long used to the pen, he proposed to reduce the question, in some degree, to the test of experiment, and to try, not what is possible for one, by long practice, to do, but what he or I, by fully or intensely exerting the moderate skill which each possessed, was already qualified to do.

Our first experiment was to ascertain the time in which a given quantity of words could be read. For which end we took, as a book to which most readers have access, the Dublin edition of Gibbon's history. A full page, that is, a page without notes, was found to contain 43 lines, and, on an average, 390 words, and 650 syllables.

This page we found could be read by the eye, without moving the lips, and with the utmost swiftness consistent with the comprehension of its meaning, in *one minute.*

It was then read aloud, with a distinct but very rapid articulation, in *two minutes and an half.*

It was then read deliberately and emphatically, with the due intervals and pauses, in *five minutes.*

We then proceeded to compare the eye and the tongue with the pen. My friend took paper and transcribed the page which had just been read, first, in his swiftest hand, and next, with deliberation and exactness. The first copy was far from being illegible. It was much better than the hand which thousands of merchants, lawyers,

and authors habitually employ. Still, however, it was somewhat indistinct, and could not be read so easily as the printed page. This copy was finished in a very little less than *ten minutes*, and was executed in what I will call a *current hand. (Festinatè)*.

The second copy was extremely regular and fair. All words were separate, and all the letters complete and distinct, and no one could wish to peruse characters more legible. This second copy was finished in a little less than *twenty minutes*, and was done in what may be called a *deliberate hand. (Lentè.)*

Allowances must always be made for casual intermissions and diversions of the eye and hand, both in reading and writing, but these allowances cannot be computed in general. Every reader must calculate them for himself. Meanwhile I state, with all its circumstances, what has actually been done. All cannot do this; but all, with slight efforts, may do this; and many there undoubtedly are who can effect much more than this. Now what are the inferences?

It appears that what may be hastily, but *silently* read in one minute, will require a period ten times longer to write it hastily, and twenty times longer to write it at leisure.

A rapid articulation appears to exceed the *current pen* by three-fourths; and the deliberate articulation exceeds the pen *in haste* only by *one-half*, and the pen *at leisure* by *three-fourths*.

Till this experiment was made, I had been far from thinking the pen so dispatchful a tool. I had no previous conception that what was properly spoken or read in twenty minutes, could be adequately transcribed in forty.

Before extraordinary modes of abbreviating writing be sought, we should investigate the powers of the methods already in use: and it is far more wise to carry known modes to higher perfection, than to invent new ones.

An obvious method of contraction consists in *omission*. For the sake of speed, we may omit letters, syllables, or words. It is manifest that a word may be easily read, notwithstanding the omission of some of its letters or syllables, and that sentences may be intelligible, in which one or more words are omitted. It is difficult to say to what extent these various kinds of omission may be carried without producing difficulty or obscurity. But certainly every hour's practice will lessen the difficulty which at first existed.

The bones and sinews of every language, but especially of our's, are its consonants. Suppose our scheme of writing should entirely drop the use of vowels; or, at least, in all the cases in which, as observation and experience may teach us, the disuse of them will not occasion ambiguity.

We have been told that an English student, who had occasion to make numerous memorandums and copies for his own use, and to maintain an exclusive but voluminous correspondence, adopted the vowel-dropping scheme to very great advantage; but, to judge of this, it will be requisite to consider the proportion of vowels and consonants in the English language.

Without stopping to explain the grounds on which I build my inferences, it will be sufficient to observe, that our consonants are double the number of our vowels, two consonants to one vowel being found to be the usual distribution. If we take away one third of our characters, we shall lessen the toil of penmanship by one third, and the speech or rehearsal of ten minutes, may then be recorded, not in twenty minutes, but in *fourteen*.

In truth, however, the deduction of one third of our letters, is not a diminution of the quantity of writing by one third, our consonants being doubly or trebly more complicated than our vowels. By dropping vowels, therefore, we should not lessen the actual quantity of writing by more than a fifth; the proportions, therefore, even on the vowel-dropping scheme, between reading and writing, would not much vary from that already stated.

The end of short-hand, is to enable the writer to keep pace with the reader or speaker, or, at least, to approach more nearly to the speed of utterance, than is done by the common methods. In what degree is this practicable?

Our written characters are far more complex than is necessary to the purposes of writing. Not one of our letters is the single modification of a line, yet all our alphabet might be exhibited by distinct and single modifications of the line. Few of our alphabetical characters represent elementary sounds, and none of them are elementary lines.

By adopting more simple characters, we might surely greatly expedite the business of writing. I will not mention the use of arbitrary forms, by which, indeed, we may carry abbreviation to an inconceivable extent; but I should adhere merely to the use of characters different from the English ones.

Most stenographical schemes denote the vowels merely by the relative position of a single dot, so that, to exhibit any vowel, a mere touch of the pen is necessary, such as at present is placed above the vowel *i*. The benefits to dispatch of this mode, are manifest.

But how shall we measure the advantages of the simple, over the complex alphabet. Suppose the eye as easily peruses, and the hand as readily delineates the new letter as the old one (and this faculty will inevitably flow from practice): How many simple forms may be traced in the time requisite to trace the single English letter?

The simple forms are, in this respect, equal to each other; but the complex, having different degrees of complexity, are, of course, unequal to each other.

According to the foregoing experiments, it appears that we can rapidly articulate 650 syllables in two minutes and an half, which is four syllables in a second. A syllable generally contains three characters. Can any stenographical hand trace *twelve* distinct characters in a second? I am afraid it is impossible.

It has likewise appeared that by the current hand, one syllable, or three characters, will demand at least a *second*. To be equal to the speed of rapid utterance, stenography then must be *four times* as rapid as the current hand, a disproportion that cannot be conceived practicable without the abundant use of arbitrary signs.

If we will try the experiment, we shall ascertain this matter clearly, and shall find that a stenographical sign can be traced in the time that a syllable can be uttered, consequently, to keep pace with speech, either the three characters of which every syllable, on an average, consists, must be represented by *one new*, but simple character, or one only of the three must be retained, and the other two be inferred from the context. But one of every three is a vowel, and may prudently be dropped; the difference, therefore, from a third rises to an half, and, consequently, it appears that the *abvocal* stenography is only twice as rapid as the current hand, and that rapid speech is, in like manner, only twice as rapid as the abvocal stenography.

Yut though stenography appears

thus unequal to rapid speech, it follows that it is equal to deliberate speaking, since, according to experiment, we find that the *hasty* utterer is twice as rapid as the *leisurely*.

The deliberate and hasty utterers, if their utterance be distinct, differ not in the time employed in enouncing a syllable, but merely in the intervals admitted between their syllables, words and sentences. For stenography to keep pace with any just elocution, the pen must take advantage of the pauses of the tongue, and must, therefore, be unceasingly busy; but this unceasing activity is sufficient for the end.

The deliberate speaker is a being midway between the precipitate, on the one hand, and the dilatory on the other; but men oftener fall into the last excess than into the former, and thus facilitate the task of the short-hand writer.

From all these observations, it appears that there is a mode of writing by which the common utterance of men can be equalled in speed, a truth which few persons are able to understand and believe. They are, indeed, far from gathering it from the practice or the precepts of short-hand writers, for there is seldom any one among them who attempts to keep pace with speaking, or who has practised sufficiently to confer on him the power, or who is not negligent and prone to rely upon his memory.

The great source of improvement in this art, is the doctrine of arbitrary signs. It would be impossible to talk intelligibly on this subject, without exemplifying figures; but it is not necessary, since, in proportion to the use of abitrary signs, must we reinstate the vowels and omitted characters, and refinements, the adoption of which is consistent with the just use of time, can do no more than make an active pen keep pace with a deliberate speaker.

Differences between Prejudice and Prepossession.

THESE words have differences that are not easily discovered or defined. I offer you my opinion on those differences with no great confidence; but I am a great friend to inquiries of this nature; and as some of your readers appear to resemble me in this respect, I am willing to throw my mite into the common fund of instructive entertainment.

These words may be considered in relation to their origin. They have both the preposition *pre* before them, and therefore imply an act or state *previous* to something else alluded to, or spoken of. *Prejudicium*, or *fore-decision*, is an opinion or decision formed previous to inquiry or direct knowledge. *Prepossessio*, or fore-possession, is in like manner an affection of the mind, a judgment or opinion, admitted previous to direct knowledge. Thus far, then, the two words agree, but here their agreement seems to stop.

The objects of prejudice are either the *characters* of men, or *abstract opinions*. It may relate to the *character* of the Methodist divine who is my next door neighbour, or to the *doctrines* of John Westley.

Prepossession seems, on the contrary, limited to one only of those objects, and to spring up in relation to the characters of men. This distinction, however, is not universally admitted.

Prejudice is an opinion formed to the disadvantage of a character, or a doctrine: prejudice breeds

hatred or contempt, and gives birth to persecution and reviling. We are always prejudiced *against* a person or thing.

This is so commonly the case, that from being the name of one of the causes of evil or mischief, it has frequently been made to denominate mischief, or evil in general. Thus we say, "I will do nothing to his prejudice. He acted *so*, greatly to the prejudice of his affairs. Such a situation will be prejudicial (injurious or hurtful) to his health.

Prepossessions, on the other hand, operate auspiciously. They are opinions formed of others, favourably to them. Slight associations or rumours have raised such an one in my esteem. I eagerly accept the offer to be introduced to him, for I have many *prepossessions* in his favour.

I am aware that these distinctions will hardly be admitted by the reader. He may think prejudice is, according to circumstances, either favourable or not. Few, however, will object to the following distinctions. Prejudice and prepossession, are kinds of opinion different from each other. Prejudice is strong and regular belief drawn from inadequate sources, but the prejudiced man is not aware of their inadequateness. Its tendency is to preclude further investigation, and likewise to harden the mind against the influence of inquiry. It is formed anterior to examination, but examination does not necessarily destroy it. I thought in a certain manner before I argued or read upon the subject, but I have now read and argued, and yet continue to think as I did at first.

Prepossession is not a regular belief. It is a sort of bias, or mechanical inference, the true nature of which is not concealed from me, and which excites my hopes and expectations, rather than my formal convictions. I read an eloquent book. This creates a prepossession as to the writer's powers of pleasing or instructing in discourse, or in other compositions. Hence I am anxious to hear and to see him talk, or to peruse his other productions.

Excellent moral reasonings prepossess us in favour of the moral conduct of the reasoner.

But I cannot be said to *believe* one to be a captivating talker, merely because he is eloquent in composition. I will not affirm my approbation of a man's conduct merely because I have heard him reason justly. This has only excited expectation.

Prepossessions excite to inquiry, but do not render our convictions proof against it. I have read the letter of a female to her friend. It contains much groundless, but plausible invective, directed towards a third person. With regard to the person traduced, this letter may instil prejudices against him. With regard to the writer, I may vaguely infer that she is tall, beautiful, and pensive; but this I call a prepossession. The prejudice thus imbibed, is belief; and perhaps I report the evil qualities of the defamed person to others, in consequence of this plausible accusation; but I shall never affirm that the letter-writer is tall of stature and lovely in demeanour, merely because the style of her letter has prepossessed me with such a notion.

Prejudice is frequently made synonimous with error. Whatever inquiry or evidence produces erroneous opinions must be defective. He that decides upon such evidence may, in some sense, be said to decide previous to sufficient examination.

ADDRESS *to the Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children.*

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

As you have favourably noticed "The Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children," *by inserting in your useful Magazine a sketch of its Constitution,* I am induced to send you the following* ADDRESS, *delivered by the* Directress *of the Society, at their last Semi-annual Meeting. The account it presents of the successful exertions of its Board of Managers to relieve the wants and sufferings of the Widow and the Fatherless, cannot fail to enhance your respect for so useful and benevolent an Institution.* M.

New-York, August, 1800.

LADIES,

IT is with pleasure that your Managers again meet this benevolent society. With pleasure we announce the success of the institution in the increase of its funds, its usefulness, and its respectability. We have a list of two hundred and seventy-four annual subscribers; thirty-nine more than at the last meeting. The treasurer has received three hundred and thirty-nine dollars in donations from ladies, and six hundred and seventeen dollars from gentlemen, which is nearly double the amount of donations made us the last year. Your managers have expended eight hundred and twenty dollars since the last meeting, a period of not quite five months. Perhaps this may surprise you, but there was no avoiding such an expenditure.

Though the winter has been mild, and the price of wood moderate, the wants of the poor have been more pressing than in former years. The first year we had not half the number of applicants; the next year we supplied them with work; but our shirts did not sell, and we determined to try to go on without cutting more. By all accounts, employment never was so scarce as during the last winter; and we were obliged to change our plan, and again furnish them with work. We have on our books one hundred and forty-two names of widows, with four hundred and six children under twelve years of age, and by far the greater part under six; besides many boys bound apprentices, for whom their mothers must wash, mend, and provide some portion of cloathing.

Though the sum expended appears great, you will find, on calculation, that it is not quite six dollars to each family. Yet by prudent management, giving it to them by little and little, and in necessaries, nourishing, yet cheap, it went farther than twice the sum given in money and at once.

Besides, in cordials for the sick, and for exigencies of different kinds, your managers have begged from others, and taken from their own pockets and pantries, at least to the amount of two hundred dollars more.

Most of our widows have to learn œconomy from necessity. In the days of their husbands they lived not only plentifully, but luxuriously.

Every class of mechanics in New-York could live well, and lay up something for their families were they frugal; but the reverse of this is the case. The evil is general, and, I fear, not to be cured. The change from competence to penury thus occasioned to their widows, greatly aggravates their misery. Well may the guilt of thoughtless prodigality be read in its punish-

* Vol. i. page 173.

ment, when meagre want overtakes them. But God forgives, and so ought we.

We! who have so much to be forgiven for; yet have our necessaries, our comforts, and even our luxuries spared. With us, our comfortable dwellings, cheerful fires, and convivial parties, give charms to winter.

Alas! for her, the new made widow! to whom all those comforts are forever lost—to her, the approach of winter is as the approach of death. Accustomed to spread the board by a cheerful fire-side; to welcome the companion of her heart from the labours of the day, to bless and share the social meal provided by his industry, drest with neatness and ingenuity, rendered savory by health and appetite, and heightened in its savour by mutual love. The witty sayings of the prattlers are repeated, and the news of the household exchanged for the news of the city. The little ones too have their share; they tell their father the exploits of the day, who forgets his fatigue, and dandles them by turns on his knee, while the mother's eyes glisten with pleasure. Alas, the change! Husband, father, support, provider, is no more! The setting sun, the succeeding twilight, the rattling carts, the train of labourers announce the approach of evening, when many boards are spread, and many husbands return to bless their families. Scarce can she believe that her husband is not in the crowd; fain would she persuade herself that she has been in a dream; fain would she fancy that yonder is he. Darkness pervades the earth. The neighbouring doors shut in the happy families. The beaming fires illumine the windows. Back she staggers to her dreary dwelling, and wakes to all the reality of her widowed state! The once cheerful chimney scarcely emits a taper blaze. Her children cry for bread, but her empty pantry affords it not. Tired nature soon brings *them* relief—they sleep—they forget. Not so the widowed heart. Busy, cruel memory calls back and doubles her departed joys. Her swollen heart would burst its narrow bounds, but for a gush of tears in mercy sent to give it vent! Time, that sorrow-healing balm, softens at length the pungency of woe. The sympathising neighbours, the unrestrained complaint and tear, render her situation familiar. The wants of her children urge her to exertion for their support. Some sister widow, pensioner on your bounty, consoles her with the news, that many benevolent hearts have united their efforts to relieve wants like her's. Hope steals in—she listens—is comforted—plans schemes of industry, and exerts herself to become father and mother to her orphans.

Many such, dear ladies, have eaten of your bread, been warmed from your wood-yard, cloathed from your web; in sickness, revived by your cordials, consoled and soothed by your managers. Blessed office! they are your agents; they are also the humble agents of your God; the father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow, the stranger's shield, and orphan's stay!

"Blessed, indeed, is he who considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve and keep him alive; he shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in sickness. Yes, blessed they who consider the poor, who devise liberal things."—But more blessed still ye! who, like the good Samaritan, bind up their wounds, pour the oil and wine of consolation into their bursting hearts, bring them to your homes, and share their griefs with them—who are eyes to the blind, feet to

the lame, and make the widow's heart to sing for joy.

May the blessing of them who are ready to perish come upon you! May your persons be accepted in Christ! then shall a reward of grace accompany and follow your labours of love. May you be blessed in your basket, and blessed in your store; blessed in your going out, and blessed in your coming in; blessed in life, blessed in death, and through Christ the purchaser, blessed with the inheritance of his Saints through eternity!

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN looking over the Review for the last month, my attention was attracted by the remarks on the Latin Address of President Willard, the writer of which has displayed more erudition and parade of criticism, than the occasion demanded. But while he was so intent on the detection of the errors and barbarisms of his author, he should have been careful not to betray his own ignorance of the best writers in that language of which he pretends to be so exquisite a judge. He admits that to speak and write such Latin as will bear the test even of *indulgent* criticism, is no easy task; but thinks, that even in America persons may be found who can express themselves in that language with purity and correctness. That there are many who can write with grammatical correctness, is true; but I doubt if any can be found able to write *pure* Latin. Indeed, the years of study and toil requisite to the attainment of a pure Latinity, would be far more usefully employed in the study and improvement of our mother tongue, or in the acquisition of some science. I do not mean to condemn the study of Latin altogether. To be able to read it with ease, should be the object of early education; and an accurate knowledge of its structure, forms, perhaps, the best basis for the study of modern languages. Every person of liberal education should be familiar with the best authors of Greece and Rome; but to read and to write a language, are very different things, and require different degrees of application.

The *difficulté surmonté* seems to constitute the great charm of this power of writing Latin. But a rational and just estimate of the value of time, would not allow of the waste of it in surmounting this difficulty. It would be far better,

—Non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis;
Sed veræ numerosque modosque, edifcere vitæ.

But to return to your critic; he says he can find no authority for the use of the word *bonis*, in the sense intended by President W. Now, any school-boy would know that *bona* in the plural, is used by the best Latin authors for an estate, or a man's property of any kind, or wealth and riches, which, with the majority of mankind, have always constituted the *summum bonum:* and he would refer your critic for an authority, to *Cornelius Nepos*, in his life of Atticus. If higher authority is demanded, I could quote *Cicero* and *Pliny*, and almost every writer of *elegant Latin.*

From the bias of early education, or from some other cause, I am a great admirer and *reader* of the Roman writers, though, deeming it of no importance to write a *dead* language when so many living ones are to be learnt, I am not a competent judge of Latin composition; but I do not know why a person who is compelled by the rules of his college to write in that language, should be so severely censured for his *Anglicisms*. If his undertaking was spontaneous, the folly of the

attempt would justify a laugh at its failure. Your critic is disposed not to be over *indulgent*, but evidently chuckles over the precious morsels afforded him by the head of a celebrated university.

The *Concio* of the learned President, like most collegiate specimens which I have seen, strikes me as no more than English *done into Latin*. I doubt whether it be worse than the translations of many *doers* of Latin or German into English, who have been much applauded. The ambition of writing in a foreign language, and particularly a dead one, always appeared to me singular, and as proceeding more from vanity than good sense. One might exclaim with SENECA, *magno impendio temporum, magna alienarum aurium molestia, laudatio hæc constat.* I quote Latin, not so much to show my learning, or to *patch up* my English, than which nothing is more ridiculous, but to please your *learned* critic. ANGLICUS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Some of your Readers, who may have been pleased with the simple strain of the Letter published in your last Number, page 29, may not be displeased with the following, by the same hand. N. O.

—

LETTER I.

June 10, 1764.

HOW well you paint the charms of your situation, my friend! As I laid down your letter, I sighed. I believe it was a sigh of regret that I was not with you. I fancied myself walking arm in arm with you in your meadow-path, sometimes, and sometimes sitting with you on the bench under your wide-spreading elm; but I soon waked and found it far otherwise. The milkman's rap at the kitchen-door put an end to my dream, and I went musefully and mournfully to getting tea.

This is usually the first effect of your letters; but it never lasts very long. "Well, well," say I, "green fields, sweet airs, and my friend's company, are very good things, it must be owned, but they cannot be had. I can fancy them, and that will be as well." I can recollect many such scenes that I formerly enjoyed; and, by calling them up again while I sit at work, will, in some sort, enjoy them a second time.

How can you ask me to come, and express such earnest wishes? They have given me a great deal of pain. It is hard to deny *myself* this pleasure, but much harder to withhold pleasure from one whom I love. "My visit would gratify you much: your loneliness is irksome: and nothing can cheer you but my presence," you say; but how can you talk in this way, Julia? You that know what it is that keeps me here; that know the impossibility of leaving my mother, even for a few hours; why should you talk as if you desired or expected to prevail with me to leave her? Could I do any thing more wrong? Can you seriously wish me to prefer my own gratification?—But that, indeed, is out of the question. So far from finding any pleasure in my visit, I can think of nothing that would make me more truly unhappy. Indeed, Julia, nothing but force should tear me away; nothing but force should keep me

away from my mother, in her present helpless condition.

Why, Julia, do you know that she could not live a day without me? She cannot leave her bed, nor return to it without my assistance. I lift her up, prepare for her her easy chair, make her tea for her, and do for her a thousand little offices which any but her child would never think of doing, and could never do in the same manner.

But people, you once said, may be hired to do all this, at least for a week or two, while I take a little recreation. My health, you say, requires that I should breathe a little pure air, and my mother, who has my attendance for the rest of the year, might be contented to spare me for so short a time, out of regard to her daughter's happiness; and even, indeed, to her own, for these little absences will only recruit my health and my spirits, and make me fitter to undergo the toils of the kitchen and the confinement of the bed-chamber, on my return from them.

But how, my Julia, can you talk so? People *hired* to be kind, tender, affectionate; to supply the thousand nameless wants of blindness, infirmity, and old age! And even if the disposition to be assiduous and tender could be bought, which, possibly, might be the case, since, methinks, no soul who beheld the pale and patient countenance, the woeful expressiveness of my mother's features, could help being melted into compassion and love; yet, where should we look for the skill, the knowledge of her wants, of what is suited to her taste? I who have been with her so long, and have done nothing but wait upon and cherish her, know every thing that her convenience and comfort require from her nurse. If this could be taught to a stranger, an hireling, the mere teaching would demand a whole month or more.

But there is another reason still, my Julia, why I cannot adopt such a scheme; that, of itself, alone would be an insurmountable obstacle. We are too poor: yet, that is an ungrateful word: I ought to have said, we are not *rich* enough to hire any more attendance than we have.

You know what are our funds: I had like to have said, in the same ungrateful spirit, our *slender* funds. One girl is all that we can afford to have about us; and to her we pay, and are able to pay—nothing. She is indented to us, and, therefore, costs us only her clothes and food; and these, though as good as my own, for I take care that her tasks and accommodations shall be, in all respects, my own, are managed as becomes a good economist.

That my mother's wants may be fully, and even luxuriously supplied, I am obliged to stint the rest of us a little; but I should think myself inhuman if I indulged myself at the expense of my Hannah. What superiority has education or age given me to this simple girl, if I cannot endure labour and need with a more cheerful spirit than she?

Hannah is a good girl; thoughtful beyond her years; the most guileless and dependant creature in the world; quite pretty too, as you know; and, let me own the truth, some of my reluctance to leave home, must be traced to her. The girl loves me as her mother. Habit and her own merits have made her dear to me. I should be loath to part with her, even for a month; and she would be still more grieved, and nobody whom I should leave in my place would treat her just as I wished. You see, therefore, that I cannot think of accepting your invitation, kindly as it is made;

and though I cannot deny that my health, supposing my mind to be at ease, would be the better for your society, your country fare, and your evening walks in the woods. Adieu.

—

Letter II.

June 15.

Ah! Julia, lay you so much stress upon these elegant indulgences? Yet, no wonder. Having always been accustomed to them, they must, at this time, have become like the primitive wants of nature.

They were once so with me, but I was younger when they ceased to be mine, and so the spell was broken more easily. Indeed, it went hard with me for a time; harder than perhaps it would, even at this age, and your long-formed habits, with my Julia; and so your merits might far transcend mine in this, as they always do in all other respects. My friend knows not her own virtue, and never will know, till tried by adversity.

But really, my friend, you overrate the ills that have happened to me: yet, that is an error that I hardly know how you could help falling into. Knowing that I want so much, of what you think essential to your own content, you infer, naturally enough, that I must greatly repine at my own lot.

But this, Julia, comes only from your inexperience. Were some disaster to make you as poor as I, and your honoured father should be overtaken, in his old age, like my mother, by infirmity and blindness, would you not cheerfully act just as I do? I am sure you would act much better. You think yourself vain, arrogant, insensible, but you are mistaken. At least, if the prosperity of your family, your father's injudicious fondness, as you call it, health, beauty, youth, and so many graces and accomplishments have a little tinctured you with pride, how would they disappear when misfortunes should come! How much worse effects would these causes have had upon characters originally less good, upon minds less pure and upright than your own!

Besides, give me leave to say, Julia, the parallel you draw between us is a very incorrect one. I am surprised that you see not how fallacious it is. I fell not, my friend, from your height. My family was less opulent and splendid. For birth and fortune, yours is the highest in the province, but mine were obscure. My father, born in indigence, was enriched, and but in a very moderate degree, by a few lucky adventures. He had no patrimonial estate or hereditary elevation, and, what he got all of a sudden by enterprize and good fortune, he lost as suddenly, and by just the same means.

And then, Julia, do but think upon my age. I was young; not above fifteen. I had not time to form habits corresponding to my situation; yet, thoughtless as I was, the change mortified me not a little. Methinks I blush to remember the little contrivances I used to save my pride. How I turned down or crossed a street, or held my face aside to shun the notice of my former companions, and feigned not to hear them when they called to me. Deaf did sometimes my pride make me. All was pitiful in my behaviour, and had I not been blessed with sisters elder and wiser than myself, I should, I fear, have been to this day the same contemptible creature. They used to chide me for my folly very often. Dear girls! how much I owe to them!

Very improperly do you judge of my condition. Indeed it is not so unhappy as you think. Do you forget that whatever my inconveniences may be, I have suffered

them now many years; and that habit would have done what reason and religion ought to do, make me grateful for the good still possessed, and more prompt, by far, to compare my wants with the greater wants of others equally or more deserving than I; than my scanty comforts with the prodigal indulgences of those richer, though perhaps not wiser or better than myself.

I must break off. You know I am no proficient at the pen. *That*, and the little pleasure that, I own to you, I find in books, I account my only real misfortunes. The pleasures of the mind, methinks, are so cheap, they can be had with so little trouble, with no change of my present mode of life; and are they not, my friend? Yes, they must be very exquisite: but I cannot relish them, stupid and sluggish creature that I am! Tending my mother, arranging matters in our little household, and my needle, are all my businesses; and writing now and then to you, which, indeed, gives me pleasure, yet only, I suppose, because I write without restraint; put down just what comes into my head; what comes unsought for. Not the way, I doubt, to improve one's self in thoughts or words; just as little as to prate incessantly and at random, tends to make us sounder reasoners or correcter speakers than before.

How different, my friend, is your case from mine in every thing, but especially in these respects! If my nature were capable of envy, I should envy you, I think. Not your brocade nor your chariot, not your leisure, your pens, or your books: dress and equipage I want not; leisure I might make; and books I might have, as many as I needed; but what I envy you for, is your knowledge, your taste, your zeal, your finger on the harp, your pencil, your rapid pen, and your delight in study. Those would be my pride, if I had them; to want them is my chief, nay, it is my only sorrow.

Cannot you lend me a little of all these? Out of so abundant a store, spare me a little. Pry'thee do: much would hardly be missed, and a little will be much to me. Yet, you have often tried to inspire me with some of this ennobling spirit; and I was all alive with impatience to begin the same course. The books you told me of, I got: I opened them: I read: but my mind too soon, alas! began to wander and to droop. Images were all vague, dim; eye-lids heavy, heavier grew, till I fairly dropped asleep at last.

What can be the reason of this deplorable sluggishness? And is there no remedy? So few years younger than my Julia, yet so far behind her in knowledge and taste! I see clearly how pitiable is my ignorance. Surely I do not judge wrongly of the value of knowledge. I want, it seems to me, to know every thing; the cause of all that I see above and below us; all that has happened heretofore, and that will hereafter befall. My curiosity is indiscriminate. It takes in all that I hear, see, or feel, and yet the only means to gratify it I cannot heartily pursue; for the only means are books, and books I cannot read. 'Tis a lamentable case truly!

Yet I delight in instructive conversation. The more rational and grave, and abundant in facts and principles the talk becomes, the more eagerly I listen. Then all languor and drowsiness, so sure to fasten on and stupify my faculties when reading, disappear.

My memory, too, is not bad for things talked about. Every thing I hear becomes my own. It would surprise you to know how retentive I am of what has been mentioned in this way. Young as I was in my father's life-time, how many of

his sayings and stories do I now distinctly recollect! Not the events or even the words merely, but his tone of voice, the time of the day or year, the company present, and the room and chair he sat in. Just now I see him: his ruddy cheeks and sprightly eye, bespeaking much more youth than one would guess from his locks—so venerably gray.

How I love to think of these things! yet, they always set me to weeping. Not that I am grieved neither. It is not grief that calls forth my tears on such occasions: yet, what it is I cannot tell; but it bids me lay down the pen here.

Take it up again, Jessy. Dry thy eyes, and bid thy friend, with a cheerful accent, *good night.*

—

Letter III.

June 18.

And so, you want to know my story. Did I never tell it you? In so many conversations as we have had, have I not told you all that was worth telling?

Yet I have never been a prattler, except at the pen; and that is because I am the only talker. When you are with me, my sole, and my darling employment is to listen, for thou, my Julia, hast an eloquent tongue, and, luckily for me, art never tired of using it.

I have always listened to you with the utmost pleasure. What you say, claims my ear for its own sake, as well as for its relation to you. Some gratification to my vanity I likewise draw from it, for have you not often told me that you are equally communicative to no other person? And yet, will you let me add, in proof of my perverseness, that I have sometimes been a little mortified at finding so little curiosity in you as to myself? Shall I say, that you are sometimes too full of your own concerns? The drama, pleasing as it is, has seldom more than two persons—*I and my father.* Forgive me, Julia, you see I can be saucy sometimes. I take more pleasure in hearing you than in talking myself. What you tell me is the story of your own feelings, and incidents that please me by their novelty, while they more than please me by the lessons that they teach; and delight me above all, as being only so many proofs of the happiness, the penetration, or the wit of the speaker.

You have often marked my silence, my reserve as you called it, and in one breath, questioned me as to the cause, and complained of it as disingenuous and unfriendly; but, in the next breath, and before I could do aught but smile at your quick and whimsical transitions, you have added: "But I know the reason; I do not give you time. I love to prate, and so much at ease do I find myself in your company, and such pleasure do I take in talking all I think and feel, and so rarely is that privilege enjoyed, (I enjoy it only in your company) that no wonder not a crack or crevice in our conversation to thrust a word into, should ever occur."

I have always acquiesced in this your mode of accounting for my silence, and yet, that is not the whole truth. There are some things that I do not like to think upon too closely, and the telling them with all their circumstances, would, I am afraid, be very painful. I wish to foster cheerful images, and though many things that happened long ago, do not, as they chance to be occasionally thought upon, greatly disquiet me now, yet I am apprehensive that the whole tissue of my past life, put into words, and with that minuteness and correctness, without which they could not be understood, would revive with too much force, my distressful feelings.

But you make your request with

so much kindness, and are so flatteringly inquisitive into poor Jessy's concerns, that, I believe, I must tell you something. It must be, however, a very general and summary account. So poor a hand am I at pen-work, that I am ashamed to attempt any thing that asks for the least perspicuity and method; but you will excuse my imperfections, as long as I myself am aware of them, and as long as I endeavour to do my best. And now I begin.

My father, you must know, was brought up to the sea, and after many years service, got the rank of Lieutenant in the navy, but not before he grew tired of the public service, and resolved to seek his fortune on his own stock. He purchased a ship, and armed her to cruize in the South seas and the Gulph of Mexico, against the Spaniards. By this means, by great enterprize and valour, he, in a few years, enriched himself and his companions. Habit had made him fonder of water than of land, and he took more delight in danger than in safety; yet he married my mother early, and always proved an affectionate husband.

After he had been sometime engaged in his new way of life, he brought his wife and four small children, of which I was the youngest, to America, some port in this part of the world being more convenient to resort to with his prizes, and to spend his times of leisure, than any in Europe.

Both my parents were generous in their disposition; they loved to maintain splendour and show in their family; and being made sanguine by prosperity, neglected to lay up any of their gains as a store for old age, and a refuge in any change of fortune. All that my father got in what he called his campaigns, was consumed as fast as it was gained. And this gave neither him nor my mother any uneasiness.

It was always time enough, they said, to *lay up*. He pursued this boisterous life from choice, and no degree of wealth would induce him to relinquish it, till old age should come and unfit him for the glorious calling. As to the chances of capture or death, such continued successes and numberless escapes had befallen him, that these found no place in his calculation. If peace between England and Spain should cut off his present resource, he would betake himself to honest trade, and doubted not, by contraband intercourse with the Spanish colonies, with so much knowledge as he possessed of their wants and habits, and of the rivers and inlets of the coast, to enrich himself more securely than ever.

But, unhappily, my father trusted too much to his good fortune. In the last year of the Spanish war,* he put all his property on board of two ships, both of them well armed, and set out from New-York to the West-Indies. There he meant to dispose of his commodities, and, shipping his purchases for New-York in different vessels, proceed with his own, new supplied with men and ammunition, to the coasts of Chili and Peru.

His knowledge of the country made him believe that a golden harvest might be reaped by a sudden descent upon these shores. I do not know all the particulars of his scheme, but he boasted to his friends that he would return with half a million, at least, of good Spanish *pesos* in his chests.

He got safe to Jamaica, and turned his cargoes into the staple of the island, and dispatched them home, while he prosecuted his first

* 1747.

design. These were overtaken by an hurricane and lost, and no tidings were ever afterwards received of him or his companions. Whether they were shipwrecked or made prisoners, or destroyed by their enemies, it was never in our power to guess.

The consequence to us was poverty. The eldest of his children was my brother, who was then rising to manhood. He was not designed for any profession, though carefully educated; but now a friend of his, a lawyer, took him into his house, and trained him to the law. He is a good and diligent man, and is now able to maintain his small family in a very frugal manner.

As to my mother, my two sisters, and myself, we left our expensive establishment, came to the little cottage which we now inhabit in the *bowery*, and made shift to subsist upon our earnings by the needle. My sisters, older than I, and, in spite of a very common education, or rather of no education at all, thoughtful and considerate, bore this reverse very well, and we were, for some years, not unhappy.

But the worst was yet to come. Marianne began to droop, and, sinking gradually away, died, no one could scarcely tell by what malady. She was followed in less than a twelve-month by Sally. My sisters were all my society and consolation; and, to lose them thus slowly and successively, was hard.

I was sad; truly sad. Day and night, month after month, it was the same. A sense of forlornness was strong; and as much present to my mind at the year's end, as at the day of my Sally's death. I wanted their cheering voice, their help, their sweet looks. The room I worked in, my bed-chamber, had likewise been theirs; and, not to see and hear them as I used to do, made me weep the live-long night, as, at times, I now do. Then my sobs were heavy, and my tears—not like *these*, which are welcome drops, and pain me not.

I had no companions beyond my own family. I never desired any. Now I desired them less than ever. I sought for nothing but communion with my own thoughts. These were of but one tenour: they always hied away to past scenes, to my sisters' company. I revived their tones, their gestures, their thousand conversations, and little incidents which happened before and after our father's death. We were a family of love, my Julia. You never knew my sisters, Julia, did you? I wish you had known them, for you would have loved them dearly, and I should love you more on their account; yet, not more than now, for that's impossible.

My life, for three years, was without any variety. I retired to my chamber alone. I rose on the morrow, and dispatched the little offices required in the family. I then sat down alone to my needle. I had no visitants. I never saw a human creature but what some domestic business brought to the house. My room looked into a back court, whither, in summer time, I often moved my seat; but only because my sisters, when they were alive, used to do so. My brother went to market for us, and relieved me and my mother of every out-of-door engagement.

I did nothing but sew. This is my trade, you know; but habit had likewise made it my amusement. It was what my sisters used to do. It agreeably employed, without tiring or engrossing my attention. Instead of hindering my favourite reflections, it rather aided and promoted them. And these were favourite reflections.

My dearest brother was uneasy on my account. He sets a great value upon what he calls intelligence, wit, that taste and those ac-

complishments for which my Julia is so much extolled. Often has he tried to instil the same spirit into me; but my perverse temper would not admit them, and especially after my sisters' death. He thought it would divert my melancholy; but, what he called so, was precious to my soul. There was nothing in it peevish, or sullen, or mopeful. It softened my heart; more pliant it made me; more prone to pity; more affectionate than ever. I do not even know, after a time, whether my state of mind ought to be called *suffering*. It was solemn and museful: it endeared to me, it made me cherish my loneliness and my reserve. Often did it make me weep, but never, when a few months had passed, was I visited by any thing that might be called despair or anguish.

My sisters were dead to me, but not to themselves, and to me only for a time; and I looked forward with rapture to the day when I should meet them again, to be severed from their side no more. With these feelings, the books that my brother brought to me and urged me to read, had no charms for me. I opened them and read, because I would oblige my brother; but I quickly laid them aside, or rather they fell from my reluctant hand, in spite of me. So it was with his harp, too. He put himself to great expense to get one for me, and I tried to play, that I might please him; but my sisters had parted with theirs at my father's death, among other costly articles. They continued to sing, and one of my delights was to repeat their songs; but the harp was not musical to me; it was foreign to my feelings. At my persuasion, he sold it again. It was unsuitable for one in my low situation. I had no time for so pompous a pleasure.

In the evening twilight, if the weather allowed, I walked; for this had always been the custom of my sisters. How mournfully delicious were my walks! How full of rapturous sensations! They all had intimate connection with past enjoyments, with the images of Marianne and Sally. I loved to tread in their very footsteps, to sit upon the same rocks, to make the same characters in the sand, and repeat their observations as they looked upon the ripling waters, the sailing of the fish-hawk, and the rolling of the porpoises.

See, my Julia, into what a theme you have led me. I could write in this strain forever, but must stop here. I will shortly resume again. Adieu.

—

Letter IV.

June 21.

And so, it seems you are much interested with my story; and request me, with great earnestness, to proceed with it. You shall not, my beloved friend, ask me twice.

I was describing, I believe, my state of mind for three years after my sisters' death.

One proof I may give of how much I was absorbed in my own thoughts during that time. Would you believe that I was wholly unacquainted with what was passing abroad in the world? I never heard a whisper of the dreaded machinations and encroachments of Indians and French. Braddock's expedition, and Colonel Washington's exploits, were never heard of; or, if heard, were never attended to or understood by me.

A woman, indeed, has little to do with politics; but what woman but myself could fail of hearing, at least, the name of persons and places like these, especially of those in which all the colonies were supposed to have so much concern? The very children, as I now remember to have noticed, were

listing into troops and companies, and one's ears were forever dinned by the homely ditty of

"Fire in the mountains! run boys, run!"

Yet I was no ways curious to know the cause of all these panics and commotions. In truth, I was not fully aware that there were any such abroad in the world.

My mother's indisposition was what chiefly roused my attention at last. Returning from the country, she was caught in a violent rain. A rheumatism was the consequence, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. These, after a long time, she very imperfectly recovered; but, unhappily, her sight failed, and now, alas! she is totally blind.

I had always done my utmost to make my mother's life comfortable; but, while in health, she did not use to require much of my presence and attendance, but now these became almost constantly necessary. She used to prefer attending to family matters, and, as there were only her and myself, the affairs of our little dwelling were easily managed. Our two cups of tea a-piece, morning and night, our hash of veal or stewed pullet at noon, were prepared and despatched with very little trouble; and this trouble it was her choice to take chiefly on herself.

She hated needle-work of any kind, being never brought up to it; and her chief amusement was to sit, with her fan in hand, at the window, and look upon the passengers in the road. She spent many weeks in summer with a friend in the country, when my solitude was perfect and undisturbed. For a long time, her evenings were without amusement; and, as she still kept to the custom of going late to bed and rising late, were very tedious, except when enlivened by the droppings-in of our neighbours. As to me, my evening hours were spent like the noon-day ones, at my needle, till my mother's infirmities supplied me with a new task.

One evening a neighbour brought in the Pilgrim's Progress, and read to us a few passages. These pleased my mother so much that she undertook to read the rest of the book herself; the first time, I believe, that she had ever conceived such a design. She always read aloud, and my attention was insensibly and somewhat engaged in that whimsical allegory; but it was at my choice to attend to her or not; and other books of the same kind that she afterwards got and read, had little or no power to please me.

My mother's blindness made some amusement of this kind more necessary than ever, while it hindered her from amusing herself. So I took up the book which she was obliged to lay down. My employments were increased in many ways. All the family offices which she had done while in health, now fell to me, besides many attentions needful to her personal ease; and my evenings were always spent in reading to her; and this has continued almost just so for four years. You will rightly suppose that I have read a good deal in that time, and will wonder, perhaps, how I have reaped so little improvement from the exercise; but pray, Julia, consider that I do not read to please myself, but my mother, whose taste, and not my own, is to be consulted in the choice of books. These books are not, I suspect, the best suited to awaken the dormant curiosity, and improve the judgment of one like your Jessy.

I was seldom much interested in the page, so I read without attention to it; and at last I got into the habit of uttering words like a parrot, without knowing their meaning. This, you will easily see, must make me a very poor reader, since, without understanding the sentence, no one, I imagine, can lay that

stress and make those pauses that the sense must doubtless require: but well or ill read, it was all one to my mother, and quite the same thing to me, so it was but read.

But a worse consequence than that is, the habit of reading inattentively; that, I fear, I shall never get over; and my indifference to books, and the waste of so many precious hours; waste I call it, but only in one sense were they wasted. As contributing to lighten my mother's cares, I rejoice that my time has been applied so, and that her taste for reading came in time to put it so much in my power to gratify the dear woman.

Did you not ask me, when lately talking on the subject, what kind of reading our's was? Story, Julia, story; nothing else, you may well suppose; and trifling, prolix stories, too, in general; with very few exceptions. Tales of voyages and shipwrecks delighted me most, and, indeed, my mamma was best pleased with such. That was natural, you know, from their resemblance to the often-told adventures of my father; but there were few of those to be had. We borrowed an odd volume of an huge collection by Churchill, and this we always returned to when other things were wanting; and, for my own part, I read it so often, that I have absolutely many parts of it by rote.

Does not this seem a little inconsistent with what I said before as to my ignorance and my aversion to books? Not a *little*, I believe; but reflect, my friend, that I read the book, not for the book's sake, but purely in compliance with my mother's wishes. Among so many impressions thus made, a few must needs remain, but they remain in my memory, and not my understanding. I read, in most cases, without comprehending the sense. What I comprehend, I make haste to forget; and what I remember, I never recall on purpose to reflect upon it, and if I did, my remembrances are not of the useful kind; not connected with my sex or condition.

This volume of Churchill, for instance; a long account of China, by a Jesuit called Navarette. For one sentence of intelligence respecting China, there are three of quotations from St. Austin, and a certain Cornelius a Lapide, whom I take to be some friar who wrote comments on the bible. Next comes travels of two Missionaries into Congo; then a Dutchman's journey into Egypt and Persia, full of absurd and incredible stories; then a description of the Ukrane; then a voyage of certain Hollanders to Nova-Zembla, where most of them were frozen to death; then an embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to Jehangire, the most instructive of all. But what advantage can a girl like me, who never expect to leave my own fire-side, derive from these long accounts of people that died two hundred years ago, and countries that lie, the Lord knows where?

But how I run on! You have given me a theme on which I can fill quires; but I will have some regard to your convenience, and stop here. Adieu.

—

Letter V.

June 24.

What a question does my Julia ask! Was I ever in love? You say you do not expect me to answer without some hesitation and faltering, and question, indeed, whether I will condescend to answer you at all.

You are right in some respects. I *do* hesitate a little; yet, no reason have I that I know of for reluctance: it is the novelty, the *un*expectation of your inquiry; that is all, I believe. It was never put to me before, and so I am obliged to pause and recollect.

Was I ever in love? you say. Come; let me try and remember. Why, I think there *was* a time—and yet, can love, any thing deserving of that sacred name, find harbour in the bosom of a girl of fifteen? I suppose so.

The youth was a sweet youth. Shall I describe him? I can if I will—but I won't.

Why, my beloved Julia, touchedst thou this string? It has made my eyes swim in tears already. It is now seven years since—but twice seven years will not suffice to do away the fond remembrance.

The same storm that swallowed up my father, perhaps——My father loved him, and took him on his last expedition. Full of enterprize and courage was he. I saw him last on the quarter-deck, his eyes sparkling with exultation: so tall! so lovely! an air *so* noble and aspiring, though only eighteen years old! Alas for me! that he went his voyage!

God forgive me. I thought oftener of him than of my father in their absence; and, when hopeless of their ever returning, my sighs oftener attended the image of the lost friend, than the expiring parent.

I sat down, I assure you, to answer your question, in a half-playful mood; but it is gone, I find. I meant, too, as soon as I got the better of my falterings, to tell you a great deal about him, but I find my bravery will not carry me through. Farewell, my Julia; may thy destiny be more fortunate than that of thy Jessica.

Remarks upon the Project of an American Pantheon; in a Letter from the Author to Dr. S. L. Mitchill.

August, 1800.

SIR,

IF the subject of this letter does not furnish its apology, I must confess to have none, and have no other resource but in your candour, or suffer the alternative—a consequent mortification.

The *Indian antiquities* of the country are, by a respectable number, still thought an object of attention. Among these antiquities, their *languages* have employed much ingenious speculation. However uncertain and inadequate *language* may be esteemed by some as means for a proper and rational ground of inquiry into the origin of the natives, its claims appear (at least to me) too respectable to be entirely rejected; and, until better can be found, we must use such means as we have, and make the best of them. By collecting specimens, at least, from various parts of the continent, will better enable future antiquarians and philologers to make a more thorough investigation of the subject than it has yet received, and which more materials may assist in producing: and we know not what light or what knowledge of the aboriginal natives may yet result from the researches of the learned and inquisitive. It may be enough to say that these antiquities form a part of the inquiries of, I believe, all the academies and literary societies in this country, particularly of the Tammany Society of New-York, and the Historical Society of Massachusetts, as well as of several learned and ingenious men on both sides of the atlantic, whose publications you have probably seen. The few of them which I have met with, fortify me in the opinion, that attention to this subject has a higher end than the gratification of an useless curiosity.

It is therefore very desirable that all persons, especially those in any

employment of a public nature, such as Missionaries, Surveyors, and others, as they have opportunity, while they take pains to write Indian words in such a manner, and to use such letters as will give the most full, natural, and distinct sound, according to the Indian pronounciation, would also annex the meaning in English, as often as they can obtain it: and that no more time should be lost in availing ourselves of the knowledge of the oldest people among us; whether by tradition, or in ancient writings of interpreters, hunters, and others who have the most familiar acquaintance with any language or its dialects. Mr. Kirkland could probably do much in his district, and in the language which is there spoken. It would be approaching near to the desired object, if as much should be done in each State as has been done by Dr. Barton of Pennsylvania. To be able to say much to the advantage of the subject, one ought to have a more thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the natives, and more general knowledge than I possess. It would therefore be impertinent in me, if I were able to expatiate on the utility and pleasure it would afford, in prosecuting these inquiries, as though you needed either information or persuasion. Your literary reputation, Sir, has drawn me to address you on this subject, as I have no acquaintance with Mr. Giles, and am personally unknown to you both. It is therefore left entirely with you, Sir, what use shall be made of this letter; but, I hope, in such a way as that the Marshall may be induced to pay some attention to that part of it which more immediately relates to his official duty in taking the census; and, from your influence, I trust with success.

It is to be regretted that some attention has not been earlier given to this subject, to have some effect, especially in States having such large portions of newly settled, and much yet unsettled country as New-York and Pennsylvania.

In taking the census of the State of New-York, an occasion now offers to acquire some additional information on this subject, which may confirm us in our former practice, or introduce one more correct and uniform for the future. The progress of the population since the last census, has been so great and extensive, that a great many new settlements, it is probable, will now be added which were not in the last. In places not yet incorporated, which have or have not acquired a popular name, it is a desirable circumstance that this opportunity should be improved by the Marshall to give all these their *Indian name*, if they have ever had one; and, by thus making the first popular impression, time and habit will preserve it until it is made a corporation, when the name, if it is preferred to an English one, as is sometimes the case, may be perpetuated in the incorporating act. Thus the names of numerous lakes and rivers, ponds, &c. may be applied to new plantations most conveniently situated to receive them, lying on, or near, or circumscribed by their waters. This, in many cases, may depend on, or be within the discretion or authority of the Marshall or his assistants; and, if it does not interfere with the previous arrangements, I am persuaded he will gratify a number who have a taste for the researches above hinted at, and, I am in hopes, will give him and them little or no additional trouble to make their returns accordingly, that they may be distinguished by their Indian names, when the aggregate of the census is printed by the Secretary of State. If I were sufficiently acquainted

with these names, it would take too much room, and it is unnecessary to enumerate them here.

I have often wished to see the Indian names preserved in all cases, both of counties and towns; and why may it not be uniformly so in future, and brought into more system from States down to Parishes, or the smallest corporations. Carelessness in writing Indian words, has been as much the cause of fluctuation and variety as the want of a common standard or records; and a disposition to naturalize or Americanize words into our language, has been carried so far that many words have lost their peculiarity of Indian idiom. These persons, in the sportive moods of Dean Swift, and in the spirit of imitating him, could derive the *Senneka* tribe from *Seneca* the philosopher, or *Manhadoes* or *Manhattans*, from *man-haters*, and so in as many instances as their whims may dictate. Manhattan is, by some old authors, written Manhadoes; but Manhattan has, I think, prevailed. Which is the true Indian? May not these names, in process of time, become so obscure and confounded as to be taken for English, Dutch, or Swedish, and some future *American* Camden be puzzled to account for them? Can nothing be done towards substituting some kind of standard which may have a tendency to fix the Indian idiom in writing? The practice of some is to make Indian words look as much as possible *like* English. My own practice is to write them as much *unlike* it as I can without doing violence to the Indian; and therefore I generally use the letter *k* for *c*, as in *Senneka*, *Kanandarqua*, *Popaktunk*, *Kadaraqua*, *Kayuga*, *Mamakating*, &c. How far this will do to apply as a general rule, I am not able to say. Much may depend on some peculiarity of construction in different languages; but my superficial acquaintance with any language, and with the Indian as little as any, forbids an attempt at disquisition.

The splendid names imported from *Greece* and *Rome* into the county of *Onondaga*, look well on the map of the State, and discover the fine classical taste of the denominator; but this does not make them "classic ground." The Legislature has done what is much more noble and effectual in the broad foundation they have laid, and are laying, for the cultivation of literature throughout the State; and the fruits of which, in a few years, will cross the *Ontario* into the vast regions lying north and west of that lake. But those names will live in their works, and in Grecian and Roman history, as long as science maintains its present and increasing progress. In this, or in some other way, honour may be likewise done to the names and memories of *Milton*, *Locke*, and *Dryden*. Let me add these names also.* But you

* Columbus, the Cabots, Magellanes, Corterial, Verazano, Carthier, Savalet, Frobiſher, Drake, the Gilberts, Raleigh, Davis, Weymouth, Goſnold, Smith, Demonts, Popham, Gorges, Argal, Dermer, Carver, Bradford, Winſlow, Endicot, Winthrop, Coddington, Williams, Haynes, Van Twiller, Stuyveſant, Calvert, Barclay, Phips, Oglethorpe, Coram, Boone, Wickliffe, Murphy, Giora, Hartman, Coſter, Fauſtus, Guttemberg, Eraſmus, Servetus, the Tindales, and other eminent reformers, Peter Martyr, Bucer, Colet, and other luminaries in the reformation, Paleologus, Gallileo, Gaſſendi, Doria, Taſſo, Acontius, Camoens, Cervantes, Caſſini, Tell, Dewitt, Grotius, Le Clerc, Linnæus, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Harvey, Newton, Whiſton, Harrington, Marvel, Hampden, Sydney, Buchanan, Wallace, Fletcher, Mc Laurin, Napier, Uſher, Boyle, Molineux, Berkley, Robertſon, Tillotſon, Hoadley, Clarke, Firmin, Helvetius, Fothergill, Jebb, Hollis, Chatterton, Howard, &c. I have not room to enlarge the liſt from the worthies of the French and other nations, as I wiſh, and the principles of the Pantheon embrace.

are sensible, Sir, of the difficulty of selecting names in this way; and when there are but a few lines to express thousands. The task, though otherwise pleasing, is invidious, and unwelcome to one who so sensibly feels his incompetence to it as I do. These few only are mentioned as my idea of that sort of characters and genius which deserve the honours of the Pantheon; and you know it would make a volume to collect only a nomenclature of worthies in the various grades and departments of merit; or rather in selecting from names which the general suffrage of ages has already placed on the lists of fame. *Mexico* and *Peru* might be left to enjoy their unenvied pre-eminence for "white and yellow earth," while *man* is made a *slave* to tear out its bowels for his unfeeling *master*. *Troy* and *Rome* will be perpetuated in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Dryden*, while the world retains its taste for the riches and entertainments of ancient lore. But what distinguished merit had *Sempronius* that should entitle *him* to a seat in the *Manhattan* State *Pantheon*, between *Scipio* and *Marcellus?* Or was it thought necessary to throw in a great deal of shade to heighten the lustre of *Tullius* and *Locke?* Why did they go so far? Why not stay at home and insert the name of *Arnold?* After the Indian names are all appropriated, as they ought to be, it will be seen, I believe, that "*there is yet room*" for the *worthies*, both of our own nation and of other countries.

But there is a reason which more immediately "*comes home to men's business;*" and those who have much of it, and especially the whole post-office department, will at once assent to the truth of the remark, and the utility of the reform. Indeed, the complaint has been often made, that in the police of the country, great and frequent inconveniences have, and more will arise and increase from the random multiplication of the same names in different States, and there are instances of it in more than one county in the same State. To remedy this, would it not be much better, and is it not necessary, that every place in the United States, of whatever rank or size, should have its *exclusive* and *appropriate name?* And does not a practical application of this principle, in a uniform system, necessarily result from these increasing inconveniences, as the least objectionable way to obtain a reform, and that it may be *general* and *effectual?* It should be NATIONAL. Why, then, cannot the whole subject, in its various parts and connections, be wrought into a *uniform national system*, of which the following may be a rough outline?

The American Pantheon should be constructed upon different principles, and have certain regulations which I don't know that were ever observed in the Pantheon of any other nation.

The candidates should be divided into *two classes*, *the dead* and *the living*.

The *immortal candidates* shall always have precedence.

No *mortal candidate* shall be admitted until *one hundred years* have elapsed after his decease.

The candidates of all classes shall consist of the *philanthropists* and *benefactors* of mankind, in all ages and countries. Among these are the inventors of the *mariner's compass*, the art of *printing*, the *quadrant*, discoveries or improvements in medicine, in surgery, in agriculture, in any mechanic art or manufacture, whatever has a tendency to diffuse virtue and science, to humanize and ameliorate the condition of mankind, increase the means and the quantity of human subsistence, and the facility of acquiring it, that

shall render "*man just and merciful to man,*" and, in a word, increase the sum of human happiness.

The earliest navigators, from *Sesostris* to *Hanno*, to *Biron*, and to *Madoc*.

Those several voyagers who prepared the way for Columbus, and those who followed up his discoveries until the effectual settlement of the Atlantic States.

The *restorers* to mankind, whether laymen or gownmen, of their just and unalienable rights in thinking and acting for themselves, for this or a future state of existence.

The patrons of the emigrant colonists.

The first adventurers and settlers, with person and property, who planted the American shores.

Their *friends* in England and *at court*, through the reigns of the *Stuarts*, and to the American revolution.

The *mortal candidates* are (the *philosophers*, *statesmen*, and *heroes*, in council and in the field, and the *active* and *passive patriots* who suffered in the cause, or supplied the wants of their country by their services in person or property, which are all included under the term) *worthies* who atchieved the American revolution, and should be considered as candidates for the American Pantheon.

In giving the name of any good or great man to any district, great or small, the act of incorporation should always designate the person thus intended to be honoured by his christian and sir-name, and his profession or calling in society; and, when requisite, associated with, or distinguished from, others of the same name and place, with a brief recital of his virtues or exploits, in a preamble which might contain but a few lines. *This may be considered as the act of apotheosis.* But for whom, among the *worthies*, this act ought to be performed, who shall be distinguished as "*Corinthian pillars*" in this vast edifice, who had the greatest *genius*, or who, for a *better reason*, had the most merit, *did the most good*, or what shall be the grades or classes, or whatever other arrangements or distinctions shall be made, is not for me to determine. But let it be a part of the system to abjure the gross flattery of *canonizing* them, until the gates of immortality are closed upon them; nor then be in haste until all their seniors in priority of time have been admitted, and it becomes sufficiently established that they deserve it, when some future *Belknap*, or other American *Plutarch*, shall unfold their characters.

Thus, in their course, our English ancestors and benefactors, and those of the eighteenth century, may be duly honoured; and the most deserving of the nineteenth century be left to their posterity of the succeeding century to give them their due honours. Upon this principle, Sir, and that I would not be guilty of the flattery I so much abhor, you observe I do not mention any living candidates in the note. When they have all performed their parts, and the great scene is closed upon us all, then let posterity (always *impartial)* decide on their merits, and rank them accordingly. When their deaths are announced to us, let us pay them due civil honours, and their names will bring fresh to our recollection the services of the sublime *John Dickinson*, and the (American *Marvel)* incorruptible *Joseph Reed*, the patient sufferings of *James Lovell*, the virtuous *John Paulding*, *David Williams*, and *Isaac Van Vert*, with others of whom these may be considered as the representatives. This "*cheap defence of nations,*" is the cheapest and most easy way of doing honour to merit and genius, and to those who deserve it, a reward more honourable and more lasting than the little

badges of *stars* and *garters*, and other childish distinctions of Europe.

I should now be glad if I were able to invent another apology for this letter than the one it begins with; but you ought not to be fatigued with further observations which may be like the rest, neither new or interesting. Perhaps it is a very weak and trifling letter, and then my only retreat or defence is my obscurity.

With great respect and esteem, I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

PAUL YOUNG.

American Review.

ART. VIII.

A Memoir concerning the Disease of Goitre, as it prevails in different parts of North-America. By Benjamin S. Barton, *M. D. &c.* 8vo *pp.* 94. *Philadelphia.* Way *and* Goff. 1800.

THE author undertakes, in this performance, to give a general account of the prevalence of goitre in the regions of the old continent, from the travellers and physicians by whom it is described; and a more particular account of the state of it in North-America, from his own industrious observations, and from the information of his correspondents.

In travelling through the State of New-York, he seems to have paid much attention to this "*complaint.*" He enumerates various cases of it, and endeavours to ascertain the local extent of the malady in this State, which he finds to be very considerable.

It is by no means confined to New-York. In the New-England States, in the western parts of Pennsylvania, and in the Western Territory, it is not uncommon.

A physician at Pittsburgh gives the following account of its appearance in that place:

"Cases of goitre are met with among the inhabitants on the waters of the Allegheny and French-Creek, and at Sanduſky; a few inſtances on Monongahela, and at this place, where, out of 1400 inhabitants, there are not leſs than 150 perſons who have it.

"It is common to the natives and perſons lately ſettled at thoſe places, affecting both ſexes, eſpecially females, and children even at the age of 18 months.

"The ſwelling appears on either ſide of the neck, or in front; ſometimes it is an uniform enlargement of the neck, evidently increaſing in winter, and ſometimes decreaſing in ſummer."

We are likewise told that

"The goitre is extremely common among the inhabitants on French-Creek, one of the principal branches of the Allegheny-river. It is there almoſt entirely confined to females.

"Mr. Heckewelder, has obſerved the goitre among the Indians, living on Big-Beaver-Creek, and on the river Muſkingum. It was principally confined to the 'women and girls.' 'With ſome,' ſays he, 'as they grew up, the complaint increaſed; with others (eſpecially where a remedy was applied) it wore away again, though there are few that think much of it.' In the ſummer of 1797, 'I ſaw,' ſays Mr. Heckewelder, "two women, whom I knew when girls at the age of ten or twelve years, and in whom this ſwelling had then begun; now (1797) with ſuch necks that it ſurpriſed me. This ſwelling with one, projected even before her chin. I aſked one of them, whether ſhe had never made uſe of any remedy to cure her. She ſaid ſhe had applied burnt and powdered muſcle-ſhells, but to no effect. She felt no pain, ſhe ſaid; and was the mother of two children.'

"There are ſeveral caſes of the diſeaſe

among the Canadians who are ſettled at Detroit. It is principally confined to women, and is there thought to be owing to the drinking of the waters of the lakes. It is also known at St. Vincennes, on the river Wabaſh, about one hundred and fifty miles above the entrance of this river into the Ohio."

After as ſatisfactory an history of the malady as his industry has been able to collect, the author proceeds to ſtate his reaſonings and conjectures as to its cauſes.

The popular opinion, and the opinion of ſeveral writers, that goitre ariſes from the uſe of water calcareously impregnated, is fully ſtated; and the facts favourable to this opinion, obſerved in a journey through the goitrous parts of New-York, are not withheld.

His objections to what he calls the calcareous theory of goitre, are thus ſtated:

"1. It is natural to inquire, whether we diſcover limeſtone in all thoſe parts of the United States in which the goitre has been obſerved? Mr. Heckewelder, whom I have already quoted, aſſures me, that he has obſerved this diſeaſe among the Indians in the weſtern country, 'where there was not a limeſtone to be ſeen.' At Pittſburgh, where there is but little limeſtone, the diſeaſe is common. There is no limeſtone in the county of Bennington, where, I have already ſaid, the goitre is not uncommon. The diſeaſe is known at Fort-Dayton, where, I am informed, no limeſtone has hitherto been diſcovered. Mr. Coxe poſitively aſſerts, 'that wherever there are goitres there is tuf-ſtone.' This, with reſpect to the countries of Europe in which he has obſerved this diſeaſe, may *poſſibly* be true; but the inſtances juſt mentioned, and I doubt not that, in time, we ſhall be able to adduce many more of a ſimilar kind, are ſufficient to ſhow, that in North-America, there is not an *obvious* neceſſary connection between the goitre and calcareous waters.

"But even in Europe, Mr. Coxe's obſervation will not, I believe, be found to hold ſo univerſally true as this gentleman has imagined. Mr. Foderé, who has lately publiſhed a very intereſting work on *Goitre and on Cretiniſm*, remarks, that the waters of Maurienne, where this diſeaſe prevails to a very great degree, are much leſs impregnated with calcareous matters than thoſe of the higher countries, where it is leſs common.

"2. If water, impregnated with calcareous earth, be the cauſe of the goitre, why, it may naturally be aſked, is not this diſeaſe more generally, or even conſtantly met with in thoſe parts of our country, in which calcareous ſtrata, and calcareous waters abound?

"I believe it may be ſaid, with a good deal of confidence, that there are few parts of the world more abundant with limeſtone, and other forms of calcareous earth, than many extenſive portions of the United States. The diſeaſe of goitre is entirely unknown in ſome of the moſt calcareous parts of the country. In the county of Lancaſter, calcareous earth is the predominant ſtone. It is ſpread upon the ſurface, and is found to be the prevailing ſtratum at the depth to which wells, &c. are dug. The water of this county is, in general, of that kind which we call *hard*. It is ſo ſtrongly impregnated with limeſtone, that it is common to find the wooden troughs, through which the water of meadows, &c. is conveyed, incruſted with the earth; and a ſimilar incruſtation is frequently found formed over the whole internal ſurface of the tea-kettles, &c. in which water has been boiled. In ſome parts of the county of Dauphin, particularly in the neighbourhood of Harriſburgh, and along the Swatara above Middletown, there are immenſe collections of limeſtone. At Bethelem, at Eaſton, and other places in the county of Northampton, the prevailing ſtone is limeſtone; and water impregnated with this earth is the common drink of the inhabitants. *But in none of theſe places is the diſeaſe of goitre ſeen.* And here we ſhould expect to find it, as the counties which I have juſt mentioned are ſome of the moſt thickly ſettled of any in the United States.

"I do not aſſert, that theſe arguments are concluſive in diſproving the calcareous origin of goitre. But, I preſume, it will not be denied, that they have their weight. On the one hand, we have ſeen that there is little or no limeſtone, or any other ſpecies of calcareous earth, in ſeveral of thoſe parts of our country where the goitre prevails. On the other hand, the goitre is entirely unknown in ſome of the moſt calcareous diſtricts of America.

" Mr. Coxe obſerves, that ' although it appears that wherever there are goitres there is tuf-ſtone; yet the reverſe is by no means true, that wherever the waters depoſit tuf, there are *always* goitres. For, perhaps, the natives do not drink of the ſprings which are loaded with tuf; or that ſubſtance is not ſufficiently diſſolved in the waters; abſolute ſolution being, perhaps, neceſſary to produce theſe ſwellings.' On this paſſage, I ſhall only obſerve, that it is certain, that in many parts of the United States, as in the county of Lancaſter, there are no caſes of goitre, although the inhabitants do *drink* the waters, which hold in *ſolution* a conſiderable quantity of calcareous earth; theſe American waters being, like thoſe mentioned by Mr. Coxe, ' as tranſparent as cryſtal.'

" It remains for me to mention another argument in ſupport of the notion that this diſeaſe owes its origin to calcareous earth. Mr. Coxe calls it ' the ſtrongeſt proof in favour of this opinion.' ' A ſurgeon, whom I met at the Baths of Leu, informed me,' ſays the traveller, ' that he had not unfrequently extracted concretions of *tuf-ſtone* from ſeveral goitres, and that from one in particular, which ſuppurated, he had taken ſeveral flat pieces, each about half an inch long. He added, that the ſame ſubſtance is found in the ſtomachs of cows, and in the goitrous tumours to which even the dogs of the country are ſubject.

" Several very reſpectable writers have found ſimilar matters in the thyroid gland. Haller found cyſts enveloped with a firm cartilaginous covering, bony concretions, &c. Morgagni, to whoſe invaluable work I muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous of obtaining a great deal of intereſting information concerning the diſeaſes of this gland, ſums up, in a few words, the experience of various writers; ' that moſt of them met with hard bodies of a cartilaginous, bony, or ſtony nature, and ſometimes even found the gland itſelf become bony, or of a ſtony nature."

" The exiſtence of calcareous matters in the thyroid gland of goitres, does not appear to me to be a proof that the diſeaſe which I am conſidering, is, in any degree, owing to the drinking of water impregnated with this earth. Such matters are very frequently found in other parts of the bodies of perſons who, perhaps, had never been accuſtomed to drink calcareous waters. I may add, that Mr. Foderé did not find in any of the tumours which he examined, any thing like this earth.

" From the various facts and objections which I have ſtated, I am compelled to reject the ſyſtem which aſcribes the diſeaſe of goitre to the uſe of water impregnated with calcareous earth. I muſt confeſs, however, that until I came to take a nearer and more minute view of the ſubject, the ſyſtem did not appear to me an implauſible one. Some of the facts related by Mr. Coxe, ſeemed almoſt to carry conviction along with them,—as to the cauſe of the diſeaſe in Europe. The facts mentioned to the traveller by the gentleman whoſe goitre commonly increaſed while he reſided at Berne, and thoſe mentioned by General Pfiffer, are peculiarly ſtriking. Some of my readers will not, therefore, be ſurpriſed to learn, that I once adopted Mr. Coxe's notion, eſpecially when I found, that the waters of thoſe parts of the State of New-York, in which I firſt became acquainted with the goitre, are ſtrongly impregnated with calcareous earth."

Dr. Barton queſtions not only the *calcareous*, but even the *aqueous* origin of this diſeaſe. The various arguments and authorities for imputing it to the uſe of water, either as very cold, or as in the form of ſnow, are candidly exhibited; but this concluſion is thus eluded:

" It is certain, that the inhabitants of the iſland of Sumatra are greatly afflicted with this diſeaſe, and yet no ſnow ever falls in that iſland. On the contrary, the diſeaſe has never been ſeen in Greenland, though ſnow-water is the common drink of the inhabitants. Dr. Watſon obſerves, that he never met with a caſe of the complaint, in the county of Weſtmoreland, in England, ' where there are higher mountains and more ſnow than in Derbyſhire, in which county the complaint is very common.'

" Linnæus tells us, that this diſeaſe is entirely unknown in Lapland, where, it is unneceſſary to obſerve, water, in which ſnow has been diſſolved, muſt often, and very largely, be drunk.

" Theſe objections, then, are deciſive. They moſt plainly demonſtrate, that neither ſnow-water, nor any other water

of an extreme degree of coldneſs, is the cauſe of the diſeaſe.

"I do not, by theſe obſervations, mean to deny, that glandular ſwellings are often induced by cold. This is a fact which is familiar to every phyſician. The fact related by Mr. Foſter, and already quoted, is a ſtriking one. I have, more than once, experienced, in the ſummer ſeaſon, a conſiderable ſwelling of the glands of my throat, a very ſhort time after eating a pernicious luxury, which has come into very general uſe in our city. I mean ice-creams. But neither in this caſe, nor in the inſtances related by Mr. Foſter, was there any evidence that the thyroid gland was eſpecially, or at all, affected. The ſwelling (in my caſe, at leaſt) appears to have been principally confined to the internal tonſils."

To the ſuppoſition that this diſeaſe flows from the uſe of water of *foſſil-coal-ſprings*, or from water impregnated by certain vegetables, it is anſwered, that the malady appears not in many extenſive coal countries, and in countries producing plants ſimilar to thoſe of the goitrous diſtricts.

On the notion that unwholeſome food is the cauſe, the author obſerves:

"It is not at all improbable that a coarſe, or rather unwholeſome food, may prediſpoſe the ſyſtem to goitre. But there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that ſuch food is capable of producing the diſeaſe. Whole nations of mankind ſubſiſt upon a diet as crude and as unwholeſome as that of the Tyroleſe, without ever experiencing the diſeaſe. On this ſubject Mr. Foderé has favoured us with an obſervation, which is peculiarly ſtriking. He tells us, that no food can be coarſer than that which is uſed by the people of the mountains, where the goitre is unknown, and none richer and better than that of the rich of the cities in the vallies, who are, nevertheleſs, afflicted with the diſeaſe.

"In our own country there does not appear to be any neceſſary or obvious connection between the goitre and the nature of the food of thoſe who labour under this complaint. For although the diſeaſe is not uncommon in ſeveral parts of the country, among the Indians, who occaſionally labour under a deficiency of good food, yet I do not know, that it is more common among theſe ſavages than among the whites (inhabiting the ſame tract of country), who, purſuing the buſineſs of agriculture, have, at all times, an abundance of ſound and nouriſhing aliment. I may add, that the diſeaſe is entirely unknown among ſome of thoſe Indian tribes who more frequently labour under a ſcarcity of food, than any of the other tribes of our continent."

A full exhibition is then made of Mr. De Saussure's theory on this ſubject, that its cauſe is connected with the atmoſphere of deep vallies. The topographical objections to this theory, after being diffuſely ſtated, are thus ſummed up:

"It is evident, from the facts which I have mentioned, that the goitre of North-America is not excluſively confined to the vallies of this continent. On the contrary, it prevails, to a great degree, in ſome of the high and level plains of the country, where there is no reaſon to ſuſpect that the air is in an impure or ſtagnated ſtate, from confinement by mountains, or by hills. It alſo prevails in the flats, or intervale lands, along the margins of ſome of our rivers, where often the neighbouring hills are of a very inconſiderable height, and ſeem incapable of increaſing the heat or impurity of the air. I may add, that this diſeaſe is altogether unknown in many of the vallies, both ſuch as are more ſpacious, and thoſe which are more narrow and alſo deeper, in various parts of North-America."

After this examination of the opinions of others, in which we are at a loſs which moſt to admire, the candour or the perſpicuity, the author proceeds to ſtate his own conjectures, for his cautious modeſty is reluctant to beſtow on them a better name. The following paſſages will ſufficiently exhibit his opinions. After describing the ſubalpine vallies of Switzerland, he thus proceeds:

"From this account of the ſubalpine vallies of Switzerland, there ſeems to be a cloſe affinity between the ſoil and ſtate of thoſe vallies, and the ſoil and ſtate of many of thoſe parts of North-America,

in which the goitre is moſt frequent. In America, this diſeaſe, as far as I am able to judge from the facts now in my poſſeſſion, principally occurs in three different ſituations, viz. firſt, in the flat or intervale grounds, along the margins of rivers and lakes; ſecondly, in vallies; and, laſtly, in the higher country, or country of wet plains, called natural meadows.

"1. The flats along the Mohawk river, the table-lands about Detroit, and thoſe between St. John's and Montreal, and, in ſhort, all the flat land adjacent to our lakes and rivers, are inſtances of the firſt kind of country in which the goitre is found. Theſe flats are generally ſeveral feet higher than the adjacent waters, and, in ordinary times, are not ſubject to be overflown. They are, however, generally damp, and, at times, after heavy rains, the water is liable to ſtagnate upon them.

"2. The goitre prevails in the vallies of our countries. We have ſeen that it is common in the Onondago-Valley, and in the vallies of Vermont. I believe the valley ſituation, when the ſoil is very rich, and the air warm and moiſt, and eſpecially if the grounds be marſhy, is, in general, peculiarly unhealthy. It is certain, at leaſt, that ſome of the moſt unhealthy parts of America are ſome of the wet or marſhy vallies. The prevailing diſeaſes are malignant fevers and dyſenteries.

"3. The goitre prevails in the higher country, or country of plains, where, however, the ground is generally wet, and often marſhy. Such high plains are not uncommon about the head-waters of many of our rivers, eſpecially in the weſtern parts of the United States. Intermittent fevers are the moſt common diſeaſes of theſe ſituations.

"I am far from imagining that the preceding facts completely eſtabliſh the origin of goitre from the miaſmata of marſhes. I have offered this opinion merely as a conjecture or hypotheſis. I cannot, however, help ſuſpecting that future and more extenſive inquiries will eſtabliſh the fact, that there is a very intimate connection between the diſeaſe in queſtion and the exhalations from marſhy grounds. Perſuaded I am, that there is a neceſſary connection between the diſeaſe and a moiſt atmoſphere."

Under the head of *cure of goitre*, the author is able to collect nothing ſatisfactory. Various processes are mentioned as having been more or less in use, but nothing that even pretends to be an antidote. Blood-letting, mercury, the calcined ſponge, ſea-water, and some external applications, and one whimſical Indian remedy, are loosely mentioned, and then the subject is diſmiſſed, with an appendix containing many additional facts and obſervations of conſiderable value.

The author's ſtyle is, on this, as on other occaſions, liable to the charge of diffuſeness. His ideas are ſpread abroad with unneceſſary amplitude, and the ſame idea is needleſsly repeated. Yet his diffuſeness is never wanting in perſpicuity, and none but a perverſe critic would object to an egotism united with ſo much ingenuity and candour.

Indeed, Dr. Barton's writings please us not only by the curious and uſeful information they contain, but by the view they afford us of a mind full of wariness and caution in deciding, ſo worthy of true wiſdom, of impartiality in the weighing of adverſe arguments, of candour in admitting, and of modeſty in urging difficulties and objections. The heart of the writer is ſcarcely leſs conſpicuous than his underſtanding, and one lays as ſtrong a claim to our approbation as the other.

Art. IX.

Sermons, by the late Rev. John Clarke, *D. D. Miniſter of the Firſt Church in Boſton, Maſſachuſetts.* 8vo. *pp.* 501. *Boſton.* Hall. 1799.

THIS is the volume of ſermons which was announced to the public as likely ſoon to appear, in our Magazine for July of laſt year, under the head of "Literary Intelligence." Though it has been pub-

with these names, it would take too much room, and it is unnecessary to enumerate them here.

I have often wished to see the Indian names preserved in all cases, both of counties and towns; and why may it not be uniformly so in future, and brought into more system from States down to Parishes, or the smallest corporations. Carelessness in writing Indian words, has been as much the cause of fluctuation and variety as the want of a common standard or records; and a disposition to naturalize or Americanize words into our language, has been carried so far that many words have lost their peculiarity of Indian idiom. These persons, in the sportive moods of Dean Swift, and in the spirit of imitating him, could derive the *Senneka* tribe from *Seneca* the philosopher, or *Manhadoes* or *Manhattans*, from *man-haters*, and so in as many instances as their whims may dictate. Manhattan is, by some old authors, written Manhadoes; but Manhattan has, I think, prevailed. Which is the true Indian? May not these names, in process of time, become so obscure and confounded as to be taken for English, Dutch, or Swedish, and some future *American* Camden be puzzled to account for them? Can nothing be done towards substituting some kind of standard which may have a tendency to fix the Indian idiom in writing? The practice of some is to make Indian words look as much as possible *like* English. My own practice is to write them as much *unlike* it as I can without doing violence to the Indian; and therefore I generally use the letter *k* for *c*, as in *Senneka*, *Kanandarqua*, *Popaktunk*, *Kadaraqua*, *Kayuga*, *Mamakating*, *&c.* How far this will do to apply as a general rule, I am not able to say. Much may depend on some peculiarity of construction in different languages; but my superficial acquaintance with any language, and with the Indian as little as any, forbids an attempt at disquisition.

The splendid names imported from *Greece* and *Rome* into the county of *Onondaga*, look well on the map of the State, and discover the fine classical taste of the denominator; but this does not make them "classic ground." The Legislature has done what is much more noble and effectual in the broad foundation they have laid, and are laying, for the cultivation of literature throughout the State; and the fruits of which, in a few years, will cross the *Ontario* into the vast regions lying north and west of that lake. But those names will live in their works, and in Grecian and Roman history, as long as science maintains its present and increasing progress. In this, or in some other way, honour may be likewise done to the names and memories of *Milton*, *Locke*, and *Dryden*. Let me add these names also.* But you

* Columbus, the Cabots, Magellanes, Corterial, Verazano, Carthier, Savalet, Frobisher, Drake, the Gilberts, Raleigh, Davis, Weymouth, Gosnold, Smith, Demonts, Popham, Gorges, Argal, Dermer, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Endicot, Winthrop, Coddington, Williams, Haynes, Van Twiller, Stuyvesant, Calvert, Barclay, Phips, Oglethorpe, Coram, Boone, Wickliffe, Murphy, Giora, Hartman, Coster, Faustus, Guttemberg, Erasmus, Servetus, the Tindales, and other eminent reformers, Peter Martyr, Bucer, Colet, and other luminaries in the reformation, Paleologus, Gallileo, Gassendi, Doria, Tasso, Acontius, Camoens, Cervantes, Cassini, Tell, Dewitt, Grotius, Le Clerc, Linnæus, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Harvey, Newton, Whiston, Harrington, Marvel, Hampden, Sydney, Buchanan, Wallace, Fletcher, Mc Laurin, Napier, Usher, Boyle, Molineux, Berkley, Robertson, Tillotson, Hoadley, Clarke, Firmin, Helvetius, Fothergill, Jebb, Hollis, Chatterton, Howard, &c. I have not room to enlarge the list from the worthies of the French and other nations, as I wish, and the principles of the Pantheon embrace.

are sensible, Sir, of the difficulty of selecting names in this way; and when there are but a few lines to express thousands. The task, though otherwise pleasing, is invidious, and unwelcome to one who so sensibly feels his incompetence to it as I do. These few only are mentioned as my idea of that sort of characters and genius which deserve the honours of the Pantheon; and you know it would make a volume to collect only a nomenclature of worthies in the various grades and departments of merit; or rather in selecting from names which the general suffrage of ages has already placed on the lists of fame. *Mexico* and *Peru* might be left to enjoy their unenvied pre-eminence for "white and yellow earth," while *man* is made a *slave* to tear out its bowels for his unfeeling *master*. *Troy* and *Rome* will be perpetuated in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Dryden*, while the world retains its taste for the riches and entertainments of ancient lore. But what distinguished merit had *Sempronius* that should entitle *him* to a seat in the *Manhattan* State *Pantheon*, between *Scipio* and *Marcellus?* Or was it thought necessary to throw in a great deal of shade to heighten the lustre of *Tullius* and *Locke?* Why did they go so far? Why not stay at home and insert the name of *Arnold?* After the Indian names are all appropriated, as they ought to be, it will be seen, I believe, that "*there is yet room*" for the *worthies*, both of our own nation and of other countries.

But there is a reason which more immediately "*comes home to men's business;*" and those who have much of it, and especially the whole post-office department, will at once assent to the truth of the remark, and the utility of the reform. Indeed, the complaint has been often made, that in the police of the country, great and frequent inconveniences have, and more will arise and increase from the random multiplication of the same names in different States, and there are instances of it in more than one county in the same State. To remedy this, would it not be much better, and is it not necessary, that every place in the United States, of whatever rank or size, should have its *exclusive* and *appropriate name?* And does not a practical application of this principle, in a uniform system, necessarily result from these increasing inconveniences, as the least objectionable way to obtain a reform, and that it may be *general* and *effectual?* It should be NATIONAL. Why, then, cannot the whole subject, in its various parts and connections, be wrought into a *uniform national system*, of which the following may be a rough outline?

The American Pantheon should be constructed upon different principles, and have certain regulations which I don't know that were ever observed in the Pantheon of any other nation.

The candidates should be divided into *two classes*, *the dead* and *the living*.

The *immortal candidates* shall always have precedence.

No *mortal candidate* shall be admitted until *one hundred years* have elapsed after his decease.

The candidates of all classes shall consist of the *philanthropists* and *benefactors* of mankind, in all ages and countries. Among these are the inventors of the *mariner's compass*, the art of *printing*, the *quadrant*, discoveries or improvements in medicine, in surgery, in agriculture, in any mechanic art or manufacture, whatever has a tendency to diffuse virtue and science, to humanize and ameliorate the condition of mankind, increase the means and the quantity of human subsistence, and the facility of acquiring it, that

shall render "*man just and merciful to man*," and, in a word, increase the sum of human happiness.

The earliest navigators, from *Sesostris* to *Hanno*, to *Biron*, and to *Madoc*.

Those several voyagers who prepared the way for Columbus, and those who followed up his discoveries until the effectual settlement of the Atlantic States.

The *restorers* to mankind, whether laymen or gownmen, of their just and unalienable rights in thinking and acting for themselves, for this or a future state of existence.

The patrons of the emigrant colonists.

The first adventurers and settlers, with person and property, who planted the American shores.

Their *friends* in England and *at court*, through the reigns of the *Stuarts*, and to the American revolution.

The *mortal candidates* are (the *philosophers*, *statesmen*, and *heroes*, in council and in the field, and the *active* and *passive patriots* who suffered in the cause, or supplied the wants of their country by their services in person or property, which are all included under the term) *worthies* who atchieved the American revolution, and should be considered as candidates for the American Pantheon.

In giving the name of any good or great man to any district, great or small, the act of incorporation should always designate the person thus intended to be honoured by his christian and sir-name, and his profession or calling in society; and, when requisite, associated with, or distinguished from, others of the same name and place, with a brief recital of his virtues or exploits, in a preamble which might contain but a few lines. *This may be considered as the act of apotheosis.* But for whom, among the *worthies*, this act ought to be performed, who shall be distinguished as "*Corinthian pillars*" in this vast edifice, who had the greatest *genius*, or who, for a *better reason*, had the most merit, *did the most good*, or what shall be the grades or classes, or whatever other arrangements or distinctions shall be made, is not for me to determine. But let it be a part of the system to abjure the gross flattery of *canonizing* them, until the gates of immortality are closed upon them; nor then be in haste until all their seniors in priority of time have been admitted, and it becomes sufficiently established that they deserve it, when some future *Belknap*, or other American *Plutarch*, shall unfold their characters.

Thus, in their course, our English ancestors and benefactors, and those of the eighteenth century, may be duly honoured; and the most deserving of the nineteenth century be left to their posterity of the succeeding century to give them their due honours. Upon this principle, Sir, and that I would not be guilty of the flattery I so much abhor, you observe I do not mention any living candidates in the note. When they have all performed their parts, and the great scene is closed upon us all, then let posterity (always *impartial)* decide on their merits, and rank them accordingly. When their deaths are announced to us, let us pay them due civil honours, and their names will bring fresh to our recollection the services of the sublime *John Dickinson*, and the (American *Marvel)* incorruptible *Joseph Reed*, the patient sufferings of *James Lovell*, the virtuous *John Paulding*, *David Williams*, and *Isaac Van Vert*, with others of whom these may be considered as the representatives. This "*cheap defence of nations*," is the cheapest and most easy way of doing honour to merit and genius, and to those who deserve it, a reward more honourable and more lasting than the little

badges of *ſtars* and *garters*, and other childiſh diſtinctions of Europe.

I ſhould now be glad if I were able to invent another apology for this letter than the one it begins with; but you ought not to be fatigued with further obſervations which may be like the reſt, neither new or intereſting. Perhaps it is a very weak and trifling letter, and then my only retreat or defence is my obſcurity.

With great reſpect and eſteem, I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PAUL YOUNG.

American Review.

ART. VIII.

A Memoir concerning the Diſeaſe of Goitre, as it prevails in different parts of North-America. By Benjamin S. Barton, *M. D. &c.* 8*vo. pp.* 94. *Philadelphia.* Way *and* Goff. 1800.

THE author undertakes, in this performance, to give a general account of the prevalence of goitre in the regions of the old continent, from the travellers and phyſicians by whom it is deſcribed; and a more particular account of the ſtate of it in North-America, from his own induſtrious obſervations, and from the information of his correſpondents.

In travelling through the State of New-York, he ſeems to have paid much attention to this "*complaint.*" He enumerates various caſes of it, and endeavours to aſcertain the local extent of the malady in this State, which he finds to be very conſiderable.

It is by no means confined to New-York. In the New-England States, in the weſtern parts of Pennſylvania, and in the Weſtern Territory, it is not uncommon.

A phyſician at Pittsburgh gives the following account of its appearance in that place:

"Caſes of goitre are met with among the inhabitants on the waters of the Allegheny and French-Creek, and at Sanduſky; a few inſtances on Monongahela, and at this place, where, out of 1400 inhabitants, there are not leſs than 150 perſons who have it.

"It is common to the natives and perſons lately ſettled at thoſe places, affecting both ſexes, eſpecially females, and children even at the age of 18 months.

"The ſwelling appears on either ſide of the neck, or in front; ſometimes it is an uniform enlargement of the neck, evidently increaſing in winter, and ſometimes decreaſing in ſummer."

We are likewiſe told that

"The goitre is extremely common among the inhabitants on French-Creek, one of the principal branches of the Allegheny-river. It is there almoſt entirely confined to females.

"Mr. Heckewelder, has obſerved the goitre among the Indians, living on Big-Beaver-Creek, and on the river Muſkingum. It was principally confined to the 'women and girls.' 'With ſome,' ſays he, 'as they grew up, the complaint increaſed; with others (eſpecially where a remedy was applied) it wore away again, though there are few that think much of it.' In the ſummer of 1797, 'I ſaw,' ſays Mr. Heckewelder, "two women, whom I knew when girls at the age of ten or twelve years, and in whom this ſwelling had then begun; now (1797) with ſuch necks that it ſurpriſed me. This ſwelling with one, projected even before her chin. I aſked one of them, whether ſhe had never made uſe of any remedy to cure her. She ſaid ſhe had applied burnt and powdered muſcle-ſhells, but to no effect. She felt no pain, ſhe ſaid; and was the mother of two children.'

"There are ſeveral caſes of the diſeaſe

among the Canadians who are ſettled at Detroit. It is principally confined to women, and is there thought to be owing to the drinking of the waters of the lakes. It is also known at St. Vincennes, on the river Wabaſh, about one hundred and fifty miles above the entrance of this river into the Ohio."

After as ſatisfactory an history of the malady as his industry has been able to collect, the author proceeds to ſtate his reaſonings and conjectures as to its cauſes.

The popular opinion, and the opinion of ſeveral writers, that goitre ariſes from the uſe of water calcareouſly impregnated, is fully ſtated; and the facts favourable to this opinion, obſerved in a journey through the goitrous parts of New-York, are not withheld.

His objections to what he calls the calcareous theory of goitre, are thus ſtated:

"1. It is natural to inquire, whether we diſcover limeſtone in all thoſe parts of the United States in which the goitre has been obſerved? Mr. Heckewelder, whom I have already quoted, aſſures me, that he has obſerved this diſeaſe among the Indians in the weſtern country, 'where there was not a limeſtone to be ſeen.' At Pittſburgh, where there is but little limeſtone, the diſeaſe is common. There is no limeſtone in the county of Bennington, where, I have already ſaid, the goitre is not uncommon. The diſeaſe is known at Fort-Dayton, where, I am informed, no limeſtone has hitherto been diſcovered. Mr. Coxe poſitively aſſerts, 'that wherever there are goitres there is tuf-ſtone.' This, with reſpect to the countries of Europe in which he has obſerved this diſeaſe, may *poſſibly* be true; but the inſtances juſt mentioned, and I doubt not that, in time, we ſhall be able to adduce many more of a ſimilar kind, are ſufficient to ſhow, that in North-America, there is not an *obvious* neceſſary connection between the goitre and calcareous waters.

"But even in Europe, Mr. Coxe's obſervation will not, I believe, be found to hold ſo univerſally true as this gentleman has imagined. Mr. Foderé, who has lately publiſhed a very intereſting work on *Goitre and on Cretiniſm*, remarks, that the waters of Maurienne, where this diſeaſe prevails to a very great degree, are much leſs impregnated with calcareous matters than thoſe of the higher countries, where it is leſs common.

"2. If water, impregnated with calcareous earth, be the cauſe of the goitre, why, it may naturally be aſked, is not this diſeaſe more generally, or even conſtantly met with in thoſe parts of our country, in which calcareous ſtrata, and calcareous waters abound?

"I believe it may be ſaid, with a good deal of confidence, that there are few parts of the world more abundant with limeſtone, and other forms of calcareous earth, than many extenſive portions of the United States. The diſeaſe of goitre is entirely unknown in ſome of the moſt calcareous parts of the country. In the county of Lancaſter, calcareous earth is the predominant ſtone. It is ſpread upon the ſurface, and is found to be the prevailing ſtratum at the depth to which wells, &c. are dug. The water of this county is, in general, of that kind which we call *hard*. It is ſo ſtrongly impregnated with limeſtone, that it is common to find the wooden troughs, through which the water of meadows, &c. is conveyed, incruſted with the earth; and a ſimilar incruſtation is frequently found formed over the whole internal ſurface of the tea-kettles, &c. in which water has been boiled. In ſome parts of the county of Dauphin, particularly in the neighbourhood of Harriſburgh, and along the Swatara above Middletown, there are immenſe collections of limeſtone. At Bethelem, at Eaſton, and other places in the county of Northampton, the prevailing ſtone is limeſtone; and water impregnated with this earth is the common drink of the inhabitants. *But in none of theſe places is the diſeaſe of goitre ſeen.* And here we ſhould expect to find it, as the counties which I have juſt mentioned are ſome of the moſt thickly ſettled of any in the United States.

"I do not aſſert, that theſe arguments are concluſive in diſproving the calcareous origin of goitre. But, I preſume, it will not be denied, that they have their weight. On the one hand, we have ſeen that there is little or no limeſtone, or any other ſpecies of calcareous earth, in ſeveral of thoſe parts of our country where the goitre prevails. On the other hand, the goitre is entirely unknown in ſome of the moſt calcareous diſtricts of America.

" Mr. Coxe obſerves, that ' although it appears that wherever there are goitres there is tuf-ſtone; yet the reverſe is by no means true, that wherever the waters depoſit tuf, there are *always* goitres. For, perhaps, the natives do not drink of the ſprings which are loaded with tuf; or that ſubſtance is not ſufficiently diſſolved in the waters; abſolute ſolution being, perhaps, neceſſary to produce theſe ſwellings.' On this paſſage, I ſhall only obſerve, that it is certain, that in many parts of the United States, as in the county of Lancaſter, there are no caſes of goitre, although the inhabitants do *drink* the waters, which hold in *ſolution* a conſiderable quantity of calcareous earth; theſe American waters being, like thoſe mentioned by Mr. Coxe, ' as tranſparent as cryſtal.'

" It remains for me to mention another argument in ſupport of the notion that this diſeaſe owes its origin to calcareous earth. Mr. Coxe calls it ' the ſtrongeſt proof in favour of this opinion.' ' A ſurgeon, whom I met at the Baths of Leu, informed me,' ſays the traveller, ' that he had not unfrequently extracted concretions of *tuf-ſtone* from ſeveral goitres, and that from one in particular, which ſuppurated, he had taken ſeveral flat pieces, each about half an inch long. He added, that the ſame ſubſtance is found in the ſtomachs of cows, and in the goitrous tumours to which even the dogs of the country are ſubject.

" Several very reſpectable writers have found ſimilar matters in the thyroid gland. Haller found cyſts enveloped with a firm cartilaginous covering, bony concretions, &c. Morgagni, to whoſe invaluable work I muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous of obtaining a great deal of intereſting information concerning the diſeaſes of this gland, ſums up, in a few words, the experience of various writers; ' that moſt of them met with hard bodies of a cartilaginous, bony, or ſtony nature, and ſometimes even found the gland itſelf become bony, or of a ſtony nature."

" The exiſtence of calcareous matters in the thyroid gland of goitres, does not appear to me to be a proof that the diſeaſe which I am conſidering, is, in any degree, owing to the drinking of water impregnated with this earth. Such matters are very frequently found in other parts of the bodies of perſons who, perhaps, had never been accuſtomed to drink calcareous waters. I may add, that Mr. Foderé did not find in any of the tumours which he examined, any thing like this earth.

" From the various facts and objections which I have ſtated, I am compelled to reject the ſyſtem which aſcribes the diſeaſe of goitre to the uſe of water impregnated with calcareous earth. I muſt confeſs, however, that until I came to take a nearer and more minute view of the ſubject, the ſyſtem did not appear to me an implauſible one. Some of the facts related by Mr. Coxe, ſeemed almoſt to carry conviction along with them,—as to the cauſe of the diſeaſe in Europe. The facts mentioned to the traveller by the gentleman whoſe goitre commonly increaſed while he reſided at Berne, and thoſe mentioned by General Pfiffer, are peculiarly ſtriking. Some of my readers will not, therefore, be ſurpriſed to learn, that I once adopted Mr. Coxe's notion, eſpecially when I found, that the waters of thoſe parts of the State of New-York, in which I firſt became acquainted with the goitre, are ſtrongly impregnated with calcareous earth."

Dr. Barton queſtions not only the *calcareous*, but even the *aqueous* origin of this diſeaſe. The various arguments and authorities for imputing it to the uſe of water, either as very cold, or as in the form of ſnow, are candidly exhibited; but this concluſion is thus eluded:

" It is certain, that the inhabitants of the iſland of Sumatra are greatly afflicted with this diſeaſe, and yet no ſnow ever falls in that iſland. On the contrary, the diſeaſe has never been ſeen in Greenland, though ſnow-water is the common drink of the inhabitants. Dr. Watſon obſerves, that he never met with a caſe of the complaint, in the county of Weſtmoreland, in England, ' where there are higher mountains and more ſnow than in Derbyſhire, in which county the complaint is very common.'

" Linnæus tells us, that this diſeaſe is entirely unknown in Lapland, where, it is unneceſſary to obſerve, water, in which ſnow has been diſſolved, muſt often, and very largely, be drunk.

" Theſe objections, then, are deciſive. They moſt plainly demonſtrate, that neither ſnow-water, nor any other water

of an extreme degree of coldneſs, is the cauſe of the diſeaſe.

" I do not, by theſe obſervations, mean to deny, that glandular ſwellings are often induced by cold. This is a fact which is familiar to every phyſician. The fact related by Mr. Foſter, and already quoted, is a ſtriking one. I have, more than once, experienced, in the ſummer ſeaſon, a conſiderable ſwelling of the glands of my throat, a very ſhort time after eating a pernicious luxury, which has come into very general uſe in our city. I mean ice-creams. But neither in this caſe, nor in the inſtances related by Mr. Foſter, was there any evidence that the thyroid gland was eſpecially, or at all, affected. The ſwelling (in my caſe, at leaſt) appears to have been principally confined to the internal tonſils."

To the ſupposition that this disease flows from the use of water of *foſſil-coal-ſprings*, or from water impregnated by certain vegetables, it is answered, that the malady appears not in many extensive coal countries, and in countries producing plants similar to those of the goitrous districts.

On the notion that unwholesome food is the cause, the author obſerves:

" It is not at all improbable that a coarſe, or rather unwholeſome food, may prediſpoſe the ſyſtem to goitre. But there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that ſuch food is capable of producing the diſeaſe. Whole nations of mankind ſubſiſt upon a diet as crude and as unwholeſome as that of the Tyroleſe, without ever experiencing the diſeaſe. On this ſubject Mr. Foderé has favoured us with an obſervation, which is peculiarly ſtriking. He tells us, that no food can be coarſer than that which is uſed by the people of the mountains, where the goitre is unknown, and none richer and better than that of the rich of the cities in the vallies, who are, nevertheleſs, afflicted with the diſeaſe.

" In our own country there does not appear to be any neceſſary or obvious connection between the goitre and the nature of the food of thoſe who labour under this complaint. For although the diſeaſe is not uncommon in ſeveral parts of the country, among the Indians, who occaſionally labour under a deficiency of good food, yet I do not know, that it is more common among theſe ſavages than among the whites (inhabiting the ſame tract of country), who, purſuing the buſineſs of agriculture, have, at all times, an abundance of ſound and nouriſhing aliment. I may add, that the diſeaſe is entirely unknown among ſome of thoſe Indian tribes who more frequently labour under a ſcarcity of food, than any of the other tribes of our continent."

A full exhibition is then made of Mr. De Saussure's theory on this subject, that its cause is connected with the atmosphere of deep vallies. The topographical objections to this theory, after being diffusely stated, are thus summed up:

" It is evident, from the facts which I have mentioned, that the goitre of North-America is not excluſively confined to the vallies of this continent. On the contrary, it prevails, to a great degree, in ſome of the high and level plains of the country, where there is no reaſon to ſuſpect that the air is in an impure or ſtagnated ſtate, from confinement by mountains, or by hills. It alſo prevails in the flats, or intervale lands, along the margins of ſome of our rivers, where often the neighbouring hills are of a very inconſiderable height, and ſeem incapable of increaſing the heat or impurity of the air. I may add, that this diſeaſe is altogether unknown in many of the vallies, both ſuch as are more ſpacious, and thoſe which are more narrow and alſo deeper, in various parts of North-America."

After this examination of the opinions of others, in which we are at a loss which most to admire, the candour or the perspicuity, the author proceeds to state his own conjectures, for his cautious modesty is reluctant to bestow on them a better name. The following passages will sufficiently exhibit his opinions. After describing the subalpine vallies of Switzerland, he thus proceeds:

" From this account of the ſubalpine vallies of Switzerland, there ſeems to be a cloſe affinity between the ſoil and ſtate of thoſe vallies, and the ſoil and ſtate of many of thoſe parts of North-America,

in which the goitre is moſt frequent. In America, this diſeaſe, as far as I am able to judge from the facts now in my poſſeſſion, principally occurs in three different ſituations, viz. firſt, in the flat or intervale grounds, along the margins of rivers and lakes; ſecondly, in vallies; and, laſtly, in the higher country, or country of wet plains, called natural meadows.

"1. The flats along the Mohawk river, the table-lands about Detroit, and thoſe between St. John's and Montreal, and, in ſhort, all the flat land adjacent to our lakes and rivers, are inſtances of the firſt kind of country in which the goitre is found. Theſe flats are generally ſeveral feet higher than the adjacent waters, and, in ordinary times, are not ſubject to be overflown. They are, however, generally damp, and, at times, after heavy rains, the water is liable to ſtagnate upon them.

"2. The goitre prevails in the vallies of our countries. We have ſeen that it is common in the Onondago-Valley, and in the vallies of Vermont. I believe the valley ſituation, when the ſoil is very rich, and the air warm and moiſt, and eſpecially if the grounds be marſhy, is, in general, peculiarly unhealthy. It is certain, at leaſt, that ſome of the moſt unhealthy parts of America are ſome of the wet or marſhy vallies. The prevailing diſeaſes are malignant fevers and dyſenteries.

"3. The goitre prevails in the higher country, or country of plains, where, however, the ground is generally wet, and often marſhy. Such high plains are not uncommon about the head-waters of many of our rivers, eſpecially in the weſtern parts of the United States. Intermittent fevers are the moſt common diſeaſes of theſe ſituations.

"I am far from imagining that the preceding facts completely eſtabliſh the origin of goitre from the miaſmata of marſhes. I have offered this opinion merely as a conjecture or hypotheſis. I cannot, however, help ſuſpecting that future and more extenſive inquiries will eſtabliſh the fact, that there is a very intimate connection between the diſeaſe in queſtion and the exhalations from marſhy grounds. Perſuaded I am, that there is a neceſſary connection between the diſeaſe and a moiſt atmoſphere."

Under the head of *cure of goitre*, the author is able to collect nothing ſatisfactory. Various processes are mentioned as having been more or less in use, but nothing that even pretends to be an antidote. Bloodletting, mercury, the calcined ſponge, ſea-water, and ſome external applications, and one whimſical Indian remedy, are loosely mentioned, and then the ſubject is diſmiſſed, with an appendix containing many additional facts and obſervations of conſiderable value.

The author's ſtyle is, on this, as on other occaſions, liable to the charge of diffuſeneſs. His ideas are ſpread abroad with unneceſſary amplitude, and the ſame idea is needleſsly repeated. Yet his diffuſeneſs is never wanting in perſpicuity, and none but a perverſe critic would object to an egotism united with ſo much ingenuity and candour.

Indeed, Dr. Barton's writings please us not only by the curious and uſeful information they contain, but by the view they afford us of a mind full of wariness and caution in deciding, ſo worthy of true wiſdom, of impartiality in the weighing of adverſe arguments, of candour in admitting, and of modeſty in urging difficulties and objections. The heart of the writer is ſcarcely leſs conſpicuous than his underſtanding, and one lays as ſtrong a claim to our approbation as the other.

ART. IX.

Sermons, by the late Rev. John Clarke, *D. D. Miniſter of the Firſt Church in Boſton, Maſſachuſetts.* 8vo. *pp.* 501. *Boſton.* Hall. 1799.

THIS is the volume of ſermons which was announced to the public as likely ſoon to appear, in our Magazine for July of laſt year, under the head of "Literary Intelligence." Though it has been pub-

lished some months, it did not come to our hands until a few weeks ago. We take the earliest convenient opportunity to lay before our readers some account of a volume so well worthy of their attention.

The motives which led to this publication, and the manner in which it has been conducted, are amply explained in the following advertisement prefixed to the work:

"The following posthumous sermons are selected from the numerous weekly productions of the author, written for the instruction of his people, and not with any view to publication. They are printed at the earnest desire of those who were impressed with the excellency of his preaching, and who conceived that a compliance with this desire would not merely gratify the partiality of friendship, but serve to perpetuate the memory of eminent worth, promote the general edification, and confer honour upon the American pulpit. The selection has been made with a joint regard to merit in composition, and importance in matter. Whilst it was judged that fidelity to the original forbade any alterations, concern for the literary reputation of the author was relieved by the knowledge of his remarkable correctness in whatever he wrote, and a consequent belief that a volume of his discourses would appear with geater advantage than most posthumous productions. Should this work meet the favourable reception expected, it is contemplated to publish another small volume of sermons, addressed to the young, and which the public would probably have received from the author's own hand, had he lived to execute his intention."

We are inclined to think that the respect and partiality of friends will be fully justified by public opinion; and that this volume will be generally considered as holding an honourable place in the catalogue of American Sermons. We acknowledge that the perusal of it awakened a mournful recollection of the talents and virtues of its estimable author, and gave new force to our regret for the loss which society sustained by his premature death.

The discourses which the volume comprizes, are forty-two in number, on the following subjects: the security of a virtuous course; the excuses of the irreligious; habitual devotion; the clearness of revelation; Christ the light of the world; the blessedness of those who have not seen, and yet have believed; the evil heart of unbelief; the office of reason in religion; the beneficial effects of christianity; the knowledge of God; searching the scriptures; the impartiality of God; christians not of the world; the duty of improving religious advantages; the necessity of personal holiness; the importance of public worship; an open profession of christianity; the observation of the Lord's day; the duty of the afflicted to pray; candour; the compassion of Christ; the patience of Christ; the resurrection of the dead; sincerity; contentment; governing the temper; the moderate love of pleasure; friendship; the love of God, and the love of man; the abuse of parental authority; origin of evil; nature of bad habits; regeneration; the desire of life; life and death; the approach of a new year; history of the Lord's supper; design of the Lord's supper; family worship; funeral occasion; the word of truth; imitation of the divine holiness.

These various subjects are discussed with a degree of seriousness, good sense, and ability which cannot fail to command respect from every reader. We do not discover, indeed, in Dr. C.'s composition, any traces of a bold or original genius. There is but little display of that profound reach of intellect, or that metaphysical acuteness, which characterize the penetrating and energetic thinker; but we see every where the exertions of a correct, well-informed, and polished

mind. We see in every page abundant testimony that the author had carefully reflected on, and examined the subjects which he undertook to discuss; and that he was a scholar, a gentleman, and a warm friend to virtue and religion.

Those who have an honest attachment to truth, and who suitably estimate its great practical importance, are prone to indulge a harshness of language, and an austerity of deportment toward those who differ from them, which are calculated to disgust and repel, rather than to convince. We venerate the uprightness and ardour of mind which, in many instances at least, produce these effects; but we must lament the effects, as highly and extensively injurious. No charge of this kind can be brought against the sermons of Dr. C. He appears to have thought for himself; but his opinions are delivered without dogmatism or censoriousness. There is an indication of strong attachment to the principles which he adopted, but no animosity discovered toward those who embraced a different creed: and, we think we may add, that if all the sentiments which are offered do not command the entire approbation of every reader; yet the candour and benevolence which are continually displayed, must conciliate the esteem and affections of all denominations of christians.

With respect to the theological opinions contained in these sermons, it is not our province to offer a judgment. Dr. C. seems to have been much more fond of dwelling on moral and practical topics, than on those of a controversial kind. He rarely brings directly into view the great disputable points of divinity, which have excited so much attention, and produced so much division in the christian world; and when he does, his ideas respecting them are, for the most part, rather left to be gathered by way of inference, than explicitly stated. We are never fond of seeing pulpit orators spend much time in discussing subjects of doubtful disputation; but we acknowledge it gives us pleasure to hear them, upon all ordinary occasions, decided, firm, and unequivocal in delivering their views and opinions of divine truth. Perhaps some readers will think the author of these discourses not sufficiently so, in all cases, to satisfy them completely. The accurate and discerning theologian, indeed, will readily perceive the outlines of our author's creed, by perusing a few passages; but it is scarcely necessary to add, that a very small portion of readers possess this accuracy and discernment; and that christian instructors are debtors to the *weak* as well as to the *wise*.

The distinguishing characters of Dr. C.'s style, are ease and perspicuity. We meet with nothing swollen, bombastic, or artificial; no attempts to shine, while his subject languishes; no extravagant sallies, or efforts at wit or point, inconsistent with the dignity of the pulpit. He expresses himself, in general, with neatness, accuracy, and taste, and with a considerable degree of vigour. He is seldom fervent or animated. He deals more in appeals to the understanding, than in melting addresses to the heart. His oratory bears but little resemblance to the deep, rapid, and overpowering torrent; but is rather like the smooth, gentle, and pellucid stream. He neither astonishes by the novelty of his arguments, nor dazzles by the splendour of his diction; but his manner of address is persuasive and engaging to an eminent degree.

When we consider that these discourses were not written with any view to publication; and that they were sent into the world without the correcting and polishing

touches of their valuable author, we are so far from being disposed to criticise on the inaccuracies of language which sometimes appear, that we wonder they are not more numerous. We suspect few preachers, even those who deserve the character of ingenious and learned, prepare their common "weekly productions" in so full and accurate a manner.

The following extracts from the first sermon, "On the security of a virtuous course," will furnish the reader with a favourable specimen of Dr. C.'s manner.

"I now proceed to consider the doctrine of the wise man, as it should affect those who acknowledge the gospel, and are firmly persuaded of a future state of existence. Unhappy for the cause of truth, many different and jarring opinions divide those who call themselves christians. This has given great disgust to some captious minds. The ill-disposed it has emboldened openly to deride the whole system; and in many serious minds it has created the utmost perplexity; but if we only resolve to walk uprightly, it cannot go ill with us in the end. In the final issue of things, good works will essentially profit us, however the controversy about them may be decided. Though some may say that we are justified by faith alone—others, that faith must be an active principle—others again, that we are freely justified by grace—yet we cannot mistake, if we fear God and work righteousness. In this case, we shall certainly be accepted of him, however perplexed our religious opinions may be.

"So, with respect to the future punishment of sin, there is a great variety of opinions among christians. Some suppose that the sinner, however abandoned in life, and hardened at death, will be surprised with a free and full pardon at the judgment-day. Others maintain that the wicked will never be raised from their graves, and that annihilation at death will be their portion. Others maintain that they will be punished in proportion to the guilt contracted, and that their punishment will work a moral cure. Others contend, that after ages of inexpressible torment, they will be blotted out of being. And, finally, there are those who consider all future punishment as vindictive, and maintain that such as die in their sins will smart forever under the chastening hand of God, and will be exhibited to the view of creation as monuments of God's eternal displeasure against sin. To one or other of these opinions most christians will assent; but which ever they may embrace, it will still remain an eternal truth, that 'he who walketh uprightly walketh surely.'

"A man cannot plead, that the controversies on this head have so bewildered him that he is at a loss what course to take; for the safety of a good life remains undisputed. If he cannot look so far into futurity as to make up his own opinion as to the wages of sin, he can see so far before him as to perceive the absolute security of virtue. Here can be no dispute. Every man must know, that by walking uprightly he shall escape the future consequences of moral evil, whether those consequences be more or less terrible. Whatever the curse of the law may be, whether temporary or endless suffering, whether discipline or destruction, that curse will never be executed on him who devotes himself to God and his duty. This consideration should, therefore, effectually dispose to a life of religion, because on every principle it is safe.

"The observation in the text is a rule for all: but to the young it is a lesson which ought to be written in letters of gold. No words can describe the importance of beginning well. Upon our early habits often depend our usefulness and respectability in this world, and our happiness in that which is come. You will be told, perhaps, that religion is not the proper concern of youth. You will be told that the Supreme Being does not concern himself with the actions of his creatures, or, if he does, that he is too good to resent their misconduct. You will be told, that all the stories of a future state, and a future punishment, were invented for political purposes. You will be told, that the whole system of religion is a state-engine, and that great minds acknowledge no other religion but that of nature. Examples of prosperous wickedness will be set before you; and you will be called to observe how they succeed, who pretend not to have the fear of God before their eyes. In this age of licentiousness, many false maxims will be advanced, many audacious prin-

ciples will be advocated, many libertine ſentiments will be propagated, many indecent reflections will be caſt upon ſacred things, and many blaſphemies will be uttered againſt the name and religion of Jeſus. But let none of theſe things move you. Do you reſolve, through that divine aſſiſtance which God has pleaſed to offer, that however others may chooſe to conduct, you will walk uprightly. Now, in the morning of life, cultivate the fear, and devote yourſelves to the ſervice of the Moſt High. Study to know the whole extent of your duty; and knowing the will of your moral governor, conform to it unfeignedly, and without delay.

"So will your integrity and uprightneſs preſerve you. They will preſerve you from the reproaches of a wounded conſcience. They will preſerve you from the contempt of the wiſe, and procure you the general approbation of mankind. The probability is, that they will preſerve you from the more preſſing calamities of life, even if they ſhould not reward you with riches. But on the moſt unfavourable ſuppoſition, you will be ſafe; your beſt intereſt will be ſecured; nothing will materially harm you, inaſmuch as you are followers of that which is good. 'For the Lord is a ſun and ſhield, the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will be withheld from them who walk uprightly."

In the eighth ſermon, on the "Office of Reaſon in Religion," Dr. C. expreſſes himſelf thus:

"It is argued, in favour of our holy religion, that it bears internal marks of truth. One office of reaſon, then, is, to examine this argument. We ſhould repair to the writings of the evangeliſts and apoſtles, and ſhould ſeriouſly conſider whether the account, which they give of Jeſus Chriſt, his moral character, his doctrines and laws, his promiſes, diſcoveries, and his fate, be conſiſtent with itſelf; whether his repreſentations of God accord with our natural apprehenſions of the Supreme Being; whether his delineations of duty conſiſt with our internal ſenſe of right and wrong; whether, in a word, the actions and diſcourſes, aſcribed to the bleſſed Jeſus, appear to be worthy of ſo exalted a character. Theſe are points of infinite importance; and they very properly come before reaſon. It is her buſineſs to view the ſubject on all ſides. And it is her deciſion that ſhould determine us to reject the koran, and embrace the goſpel.

"Another argument in favour of chriſtianity is derived from the accompliſhment of prophecy. To determine the ſtrength of this argument, is likewiſe the province of reaſon; that is, we muſt make uſe of our underſtanding to ſelect the predictions, which are ſuppoſed to refer to Jeſus Chriſt, and to ſee whether the reference be juſt. Thus did the noble Bereans, and they are commended for ſo doing. For their own ſatisfaction, they ſearched the ſcriptures; they reviewed the prophecies, which had been produced by the apoſtles. With them they compared accounts which they had received reſpecting Jeſus Chriſt; and they examined carefully and critically, whether there was a correſpondence of the prediction and event. This was making a proper uſe of their rational powers: they behaved like wiſe men, and their example is a rule for all.

"But further—It is the office of reaſon not only to examine the grounds on which divine revelation claims our aſcent, but alſo to judge of its ſenſe. How are we to know the meaning of the goſpel, but by the exerciſe of our underſtandings? A book is put into our hands, containing many important doctrines, many uſeful precepts, many intereſting diſcoveries: it is written in an ancient language; and has many alluſions to ancient cuſtoms and uſages. The ſtyle of this book is alſo, in many places, highly figurative; and it contains principles, ſome of which are capable of a general application, and others peculiar to the age in which the volume was compoſed. Into what abſurdities then, muſt every one fall, who repairs to the ſacred ſcriptures, without taking reaſon with him as a guide!

"In the firſt place, he muſt run into endleſs errors, in reſpect to the doctrines of revelation. Many of thoſe doctrines are expreſſed in figurative terms. Some, which relate to God; ſome, which relate to Jeſus Chriſt; ſome, which reſpect futurity, are conceived in terms, which, though perfectly agreeable to the genius of the oriental languages, appear almoſt extravagant to a modern ear. I would now aſk, what would not a man receive as divine truth, who ſhould refuſe to liſten to reaſon, and ſhould reject her comments upon theſe paſſages? What enthuſiaſtic principles would he not find in his bible? What wild extravagance

would he not build on a perverted ſcripture?"

In the thirty-fifth ſermon, "On Life and Death," Dr. C. reaſons in the following manner:

"I would aſk, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, from what we now diſcover of a divine government, that virtue and vice muſt be productive of the conſequences here aſcribed to them? Does not ſomething of the kind take place in the preſent world? By indolence and extravagant living, a careleſs wretch diſſipates his eſtate. Does God interpoſe, by miracle, to preſerve him from ruin? Out of mercy to a thoughtleſs creature, does he ſuſpend the laws of nature, or change the courſe of things? No. He reſigns him up to poverty; and his folly becomes his puniſhment. Again—inſtead of uſing with moderation, a man abuſes the bounties of heaven to the purpoſes of intemperance and ſenſuality. What is the conſequence? that he enjoys the delights of ſenſe without inconvenience or interruption? By no means. His own nature reſents the violence offered to it: and, by his bodily pains and infirmities, he is chaſtiſed for his exceſſive folly.

"And why may not ſomething ſimilar to this take place beyond the grave? Operating according to an eſtabliſhed conſtitution, why may not our vices draw after them their own puniſhment? That God is infinitely kind and merciful; that he is our benevolent parent, can be no objection. Becauſe this ſame merciful being, this parent, does ſuffer us, in the preſent world, 'to eat of the fruit of our own ways, and to be filled with our own devices.' From heaven, his ſeat of bleſſedneſs, he does look down upon the children of men; he ſees them render themſelves vile, and is a ſpectator of their miſery. When the prodigal abandons himſelf to ſloth and extravagance, he does not clip the wings of his treaſures, leſt they ſhould fly away. When the drunkard conſpires againſt his own conſtitution, he does not defeat the conſpiracy. He does not work a miracle to ſupport or reſtore the tottering frame. No. Things take their own courſe, and natural cauſes produce their proper effects. Theſe are facts, and yet they are not urged by way of objection to the divine goodneſs.

"Why, then, ſhould the benevolence of the Deity oblige him to interpoſe, to correct, by miracle, our vicious habits, or to prevent their conſequences beyond the grave? How is his character as a parent, more concerned in one caſe than the other? Is preſent ſuffering conſiſtent with his benevolence? Then certainly we may ſuffer in a future world. Does God puniſh us here? Then, ſurely, he may puniſh us hereafter. This undeniable fact, that vice tends to miſery, that it depraves our nature, and unfits us for rational happineſs, affords the ſtrongeſt preſumption, that men, who live in ſin, and die impenitent, will feel, hereafter, the ill effects of their folly and diſobedience. From the preſent courſe of events, and order of divine providence, it is natural to reaſon after this manner."

Prefixed to this volume, is a head of the author, which, we underſtand, is conſidered a pretty good likeneſs.

We take our leave of the work before us, by expreſſing a hope that its publiſhers will be encouraged to proſecute their deſign, hinted in the adverſtiſement, to commit to the preſs another ſmall volume of diſcourſes, addreſſed to the young. We have no doubt that ſermons to the riſing generation, by the author of "Letters to a Student in the Univerſity of Cambridge," will prove both intereſting and inſtructive.

Art. X.

A Compariſon of the Inſtitutions of Moſes, with thoſe of the Hindoos, and other Ancient Nations: with Remarks on Mr. Dupuy's Origin of all Religions: the Laws and Inſtitutions of Moſes methodized: and an Addreſs to the Jews on the preſent State of the World, and the Prophecies relating to it. By Joſeph Prieſtley, *LL. D. &c.* 8*vo. pp.* 428. *Northumberland.* Kennedy. 1799.

[Continued from vol. ii. page 429.]

WE are now arrived at the principal department of this work, in which the author proceeds

directly to recount the civil institutions of the Hindoos.

He first explains the Hindoo division of the people into casts or classes, in consequence of which, the dignity, rank, and profession of every man were unalterably determined by his birth. This system was common to the Hindoos and Egyptians, except that among the latter, it was rather a civil than a sacred institution; was matter of custom and law, rather than the will of the Gods.

At the head of these *casts*, are the Brahmans, whose ancestor had the honour of coming out of the mouth of their deity; the other casts originating from his less noble parts. The sanctities, duties, and prerogatives of the Brahmans are enumerated and contrasted with the wretched and forlorn state of the Soodras, Chandalas, and Suapacas.

The exemption of the Brahman from equal punishments with other offenders, his unalienable pre-eminence, his exclusive functions of reading and teaching the sacred books, and his right to the reverence, service, and alms of others, are thus compared to the laws of Moses:

"Moſes made no diſtinction of *caſts*, confining a man to the profeſſion of his father, whether it ſuited him or not, and elevating ſome tribes to the degradation of others. In the Hebrew ſyſtem there was, indeed, an hereditary prieſthood; but in that one circumſtance the reſemblance terminates. The tribe to which the prieſthood belonged, ſo far from being rich, was excluded from a ſhare in the diviſion of the land, and confined to certain cities with a ſmall ſpace round them for gardens, ſo that they were generally objects of charity, eſpecially the common Levites; and their caſe is frequently mentioned together with that of the ſtranger, the fatherleſs, and widow, who were of courſe poor and deſtitute.

"The principal part of the ſubſiſtence of the Levites, was the tythes, with reſpect to which, they were, of courſe, at the mercy of their countrymen; and the payment of theſe tythes depended upon the attachment of the people to the law which enjoined the payment of them. Conſequently, it operated as an obligation on the prieſts and Levites to inſtruct the people in the law, and preſerve them in their adherence to it, which was declared to be their proper buſineſs. Accordingly, there is not, in all their hiſtory, one example of a Hebrew prieſt attaining much wealth, or political influence, in the country, before the Babyloniſh captivity. And from the leaning which the people in general had to other religions, the prieſts of Baal were generally more popular than they. As to the criminal law, it was the very ſame to the prieſts and all the people.

"So far were the prieſts and Levites from being enjoined to keep the people in ignorance, that certain times were expreſsly appointed, on which they were to give them inſtruction with reſpect to the law; and therefore Moſes, in bleſſing each of the twelve tribes, ſays of the Levites, Deut. xxxiii. 10. *They ſhall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Iſrael thy law.* Every ſeven years they were obliged to read over the whole of the law at the feaſt of tabernacles, which they might eaſily do to the people aſſembled in groups for the purpoſe.

"But beſides this expreſs proviſion for the inſtruction of the people, they were all, without exception, earneſtly exhorted to ſtudy it continually, and teach it to their children. Deut. vi. 6. *Theſe words which I command thee this day ſhall be in thine heart, and thou ſhalt teach them diligently to thy children, and ſhalt talk of them when thou ſitteſt in thy houſe, and when thou walkeſt by the way, and when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up.*

"There was no proviſion for a king in the original conſtitution of the Hebrew government, and the nation was ſolemnly warned againſt adopting that form of government; yet Moſes, foreſeeing that they would have kings, appointed that every king ſhould, with his own hand, write a copy of the law; it being of particular conſequence that he who was to adminiſter the laws, ſhould be well acquainted with them. Certainly, then, if the people in general were ignorant of their inſtitutions, or neglected to obſerve them, the fault was not in the ſyſtem itſelf."

The power of the Hindoo princes is next ſtated, and cenſure juſtly

bestowed on their system of faith in this respect. Devotion to princes is every where enforced, and maxims of tyranny and usurpation inculcated or sanctioned, utterly unlike the spirit of the Jewish system; according to which

"There was not to be any king in Israel. The nation was to be governed ultimately by God, to whom they were directed to have recourse in all cases of great emergency, and ordinarily by a council of elders, or heads of the twelve tribes, their resolves being afterwards confirmed by the whole congregation, in what manner assembled we cannot tell; so that, in fact, the Hebrew form of government consisted of three estates. When the heads of the tribes were assembled, it is probable that the high-priest presided, though this does not appear to have been necessary."

In the Hindoo distribution of rights and dignities, the women fared very badly. It considers women as by nature weak and foolish, slaves of caprice and appetite, and only kept right by the power of the men. To bare none but daughters, or to use offensive words, are sufficient causes of divorce. Subjection to the husband must have no limits; and a *second marriage* is, in women, a crime for which they have not a name. Contrasted with this servitude and degradation, is the equality admitted by Moses.

"As to the natural or moral disposition, there is no intimation in the scriptures, or the writings of Moses, of women being at all inferior to men. Both have their natural passions, but neither of them are considered as more disposed to criminal indulgence than the other. And, with respect to examples, there are virtuous and excellent ones of women as well as of men. If some of the most shining characters be those of men, so are also some of the worst. And women being naturally more domestic, and coming less into public life, their characters and conduct are not, in general, so conspicuous, and, of course, not so much noticed in history as those of men."

On the rites of Hindoo devotion, we are told that,

"Abstraction from all sensible objects, and the union of the soul with God, ends in nothing but a stupid apathy and insensibility, and that, in general, only affected; as it leaves them a prey to some of the worst passions of human nature.

"What the Hindoos call *prayer*, and suppose to be so efficacious, is nothing that Jews or Christians signify by that term. It is no proper address to the Supreme Being, expressive of the sentiments of humility, veneration, and submission, but the mere repetition of certain words, the pronunciation of which can only be supposed to operate like a charm. Nay, we are told that the worshippers of Vichnou, pretend that his name, though pronounced without any determinate motive, or even in contempt, cannot fail to produce a good effect. This alone, they say, has the power of effacing all crimes."

Various and striking instances are then selected, from the Hindoo books, and from the narratives of travellers, of this *verbal* devotion, of the ceremonials of prayer, of reading their scriptures; and the long catalogue of human folly is thus compared with the precepts of Moses:

"Let, now, all the books of Moses be perused with the most prejudiced eye, nothing like any of these ridiculous observances will be found in them. Certain forms were prescribed in sacrificing, to prevent confusion; and otherwise such whimsical observances as those abovementioned might have been introduced. For why should the Israelites be more free from them than other nations, when they were equally ignorant; and superstition has always prevailed in proportion to ignorance? And though we may not be able, at this distance of time, to see the reasons for all the observances prescribed to the Hebrews, yet there is nothing in any of them so apparently absurd, but that it may well be supposed there *was* a good reason for it at the time of their institution.

"Their mere opposition to such absurd customs as universally prevailed in the heathen world, so as to render the two modes of worship incompatible with one another, would alone be a good reason for the appointment of any particular

rite. For the great object of the religion of the Hebrews, was to preſerve in that nation, and from them to diffuſe through the world, the knowledge and worſhip of the true God, and thereby to counteract the polytheiſm and idolatry which then univerſally prevailed, and more eſpecially in nations the moſt famed for ſuperior wiſdom and civilization."

Their reſtrictions and injunctions, as to food, are next enumerated. They are endleſs, and appear to him to have no foundation but in folly and caprice, whereas,

"By Moſes nothing probably was forbidden to be eaten that is really proper for the food of man, in the climate of Paleſtine."

We ſhall not repeat, after the author, his long account of the Hindoo penances and auſterities. In number and abſurdity they are equal to any thing the imagination can conceive. The Hebrew ſyſtem, on the contrary, is known to be free from all theſe idle obſervances. Their circumciſion, their ſabbath, their faſts, and their feſtivals, have nothing in them vile, capricious, or degrading to man.

The Hindoo reverence for the Cow, is carried to a ridiculous exceſs, and gives birth to a thouſand obſervances and practices, idle and diſguſting. A copious account of theſe is given, as well as of the lewdneſs and licentiouſneſs with which the religion of the Hindoos and Egyptians were polluted.

Many miſcellaneous ſuperſtitions are detailed, and proper inferences drawn from the ſpirit of the Moſaic inſtitutions in all theſe reſpects. For the preſent, however, we ſhall diſmiſs this work with quoting the author's account of the devotion of the modern Jews, as taken from Leo de Modena, and Buxtorf.

"In the daily habits and practices of the Jews, there is, no doubt, much of real ſuperſtition; but it is not of the ſame kind with that of the heathens, as it has no immoral tendency. They are trifling obſervances, ſuch as our Saviour animadverted upon, too apt to ſupply the place of ſolid virtue, but not neceſſarily having this effect. In excuſe for them, they ſay that the external actions ſerve to remind them of ſomething relating to what is internal, as bathing to moral purity, &c. And if they pay any attention to the meaning of the words in their many forms, they muſt ſerve to keep up an attention to the Divine Being and his providence, and thereby greatly promote habitual devotion. They muſt lead them to *acknowledge God in all their ways*, reminding them of their conſtant dependence upon him and obligation to him. From their riſing in the morning to their going to ſleep, *God* muſt be *in all their thoughts*; the firſt and the laſt thing that is in their mouths, and, it may be hoped, in their minds, being prayers, or rather benedictions, in acknowledgment of the goodneſs of God, and recommending themſelves, and their nation, to his favour.

"I ſhall juſt mention a few of their forms. As ſoon as they riſe in the morning, they ſay, *Bleſſed be thou, O Lord, our God, king of the world, who giveſt life to the dead, who giveſt ſight to the blind, &c.* When they waſh before prayer, or in obedience to any particular precept, they ſay, *Bleſſed be thou, O Lord, our God, king of the world, who ſanctifieſt us by thy precepts, and haſt commanded us to waſh, &c.*

"If ſo many as ten Jews live in the ſame place, they do not content themſelves with their private devotions, but reſort to their ſynagogue, or public ſchool, three times a day; and it is a rule with them to ſpeak of no buſineſs, to pay no viſit, or even ſalute any perſon, till they have diſcharged this duty to God in the morning of every day. If ten be preſent, one of them reads the forms aloud, and the reſt ſay *amen* to each.

"At every action that they perform, whether they eat or drink, if they even ſmell any ſweet odour, when they hear any precept of their law, or ſee any thing new and extraordinary, they pronounce an appropriated form of benediction. At every regular meal the maſter of the houſe begins with repeating the 23d Pſalm—*The Lord is my ſhepherd, I ſhall not want, &c.* When he firſt takes the bread, he ſays, *Bleſſed be thou, O Lord, king of the world, who bringeſt food out of the earth*; when he takes the wine, he ſays, *Bleſſed be thou, O Lord, king of the world, who haſt created the fruit of the*

pine. When he takes fruit of any kind, he ſays, *Bleſſed be thou, O Lord, &c. who haſt created the fruit of the tree.* In ſhort, they think it ingratitude to enjoy, or make uſe of any thing, without acknowledging, in ſome ſhort form of thankſgiving, that they receive it from God, the Lord of all. At the cloſe of every meal, they uſe a longer form of thankſgiving, praying, at the ſame time, that God would have mercy upon Jeruſalem, reſtore the temple, and ſet up the kingdom of David in their time.

"The methods they take to inſpire, and keep up, a reverence for the ſcriptures, are very effectual. The pentateuch is written in fair and large characters on a roll of parchment, fitted up in the moſt ornamental manner. It is put into a bag of ſilk, curiouſly wrought, preſerved in a place of the ſynagogue ſet apart for the purpoſe, richly ornamented. When it is brought out, or carried back, it is done with great ceremony, and the children in the place are permitted to put their hands upon it, &c. This has the appearance of ſuperſtition; but the tendency and effect of it is to inſpire an uncommon reverence for the book, and the law that it contains. They divide it into fifty-two parts, and read one of them every Sabbath, ſo as to go through the whole every year. At the ſame time they read certain portions of the writings of the prophets, and other canonical books. As ſoon as a child can ſpeak, he is taught to read the ſcriptures in the language of the country in which they live; and they are taught the expoſition of it, and the doctrine of their rabbins, as ſoon as they are capable of it. They are alſo taught the Hebrew language, if they learn any thing more than the firſt rudiments of education.

"Their obſervances with reſpect to the Sabbath and other feſtivals, &c. are, in many reſpects, trifling; but they are innocent, and the tendency of them all is to raiſe the thoughts to God, to remind them of his law and his moral government, and eſpecially to keep up their faith in his promiſes, that he would reſtore them to his favour, and ſpeedily ſend the Meſſiah for their deliverance. All their devotions have no other object than the one true God, the creator and preſerver of all things. They worſhip no angels, demons, or dead men. They conſider it as a heinous ſin to believe in, or to practice, any kind of divination, as aſtrology, geomancy, chiromancy, &c. but more eſpecially necromancy, magic, or charms of any kind.

"The Jews diſtinguiſh themſelves by their charity to the poor, even thoſe of other nations; and alſo by their tenderneſs for animals. They never torture or abuſe any of them; and when they kill any of them for food, they do it ſo as to put them to the leaſt pain, conſidering them as the creatures of God, *whoſe tender mercies are over all his works.*"

Art. XI.

The Virtues of Society: a Tale founded on Fact. By the Author of the Virtues of Nature. 4*to. pp.* 36. *Boston.* Manning *and* Loring. 1799.

THIS poem is the production of a lady, whose name is already enrolled in the American annals of Parnassus; and we may venture to congratulate the admirers of Mrs. Morton on this new display of a rich and brilliant fabric of verſification.

The adventures of Lady Harriet Ackland are ſelected by our fair authoreſs as "a matchleſs theme" for the warbling eloquence of her harp: and those who are unacquainted with the story of this "high-born nymph," will, upon reading the first lines of the poem, pant with the expectation of being presented with a scene of adventures of the most unparalleled and supermiraculous description.

"The humble Minſtrel will a tale impart,
Drawn from the living efforts of the heart,
Advent'rous beauty, Love's inſpiring flame,
Beyond the ſtoried page of fabling fame."

The reader, however, will perhaps find himself in a state of disappointment when he has arrived at the end of the story, and will very naturally ask himself—Is it so singular and unexampled that a lady, passionately fond of her husband, should consent to accompany him

to America? And when this gallant husband is wounded in battle, and carried a prisoner into the enemy's lines, is it so wonderful that his faithful wife should embark in a flag-boat, and suffer herself to be rowed several miles down the Hudson for the purpose of soliciting permission to be restored to the arms of her much-loved partner? These adventures, however, although not quite equal to those of a Cloelia, a Una, a Bradimant, and a hundred other nymphs who crowd "the storied page of fabling fame," are yet in themselves highly interesting; and, when delineated by the pencil of truth, unaided by the gaudy and exaggerating colours of fiction, they impel us to admire the noble fortitude, and to sympathise in the sufferings of the courageous and faithful Lady H. Such are our feelings in reading the plain and unaffected narrative of this lady by General Burgoyne; and, if our bosoms do not recognize the same sensations when we are delighting our eyes with the golden lines of Mrs. M. to what circumstance must we ascribe the difference? Shall we say that our bard is apt to be led aside from the path of simple nature, by too great a fondness for the stately walks of pomp and magnificence? And that her proud and lofty Muse, accustomed to tread majestically on the mountain-top, scorns to descend with "timid step and downcast eye," into the vale of tenderness and tears?

Apart, however, from this consideration, and regarding the work merely as an effort of poetical dexterity, where the elegant designs of fancy combine with the beautiful proportions of metrical harmony, we can hardly hesitate in assigning to it the palm of pre-eminence over most of the productions of this kind that our country has as yet furnished. In many instances, it may assume a rivalship with the majestic port and correct melody of the English Iliad; and sometimes dispute precedence with the gay and glittering pageantry of the Botanic Garden.

From a constellation of beautiful passages, the following readily presents itself as a fine specimen of descriptive poetry. It alludes to a conflagration in the British camp.

"But coy the hope delusive fancy brings,
"And the swift pleasure flies on eagle's wings;
"War's rigid voice commands the soldier-train
"To arch the tent, and clothe the houseless plain;
"The poor pavilion of the canvas dome
"There form'd the high-born beauty's humble home,
"Who, still enrich'd by love auspicious, smil'd,
"And cheer'd, with voice benign, the wintry wild;
"Till in the dreaming hour of still repose,
"On her struck sense a burst of brightness flows,
"Thick curling clouds of smoke the scene invade,
"Impetuous flames rush through the noxious shade,
"Loud, and more loud, the shouts of danger rise,
"And, whirl'd in waves, the crackling current flies;
"The faithful partner of her 'waken'd fears,
"From her white couch, the breathless *Harriet* rears,
"With stagger'd step his sheltering form displays,
"And crowds undaunted thro' the pouring blaze,
"Slow to the distant dome, with caution'd tread,
"And twining arm, the trembling beauty led,
"Cheer'd with kind words, with melting eyes caress'd,
"And fondly folds her to his joyful breast."

Of the two following similies, the first has a pretty close resemblance to the watry landscape of Parnel:

"So on the bowery margin of the deep,
"When all the winds, save gentle zephyr, sleep,

"Deluſive ſcenes attract the raptur'd eye;
" Now with the waves the flocks and foreſts fly;
" Here the gay flowret lends its ruddy hue,
" And there the heavenly cryſtal ſhines with blue;
" But when ſome flitting wing the ſurface ſweeps,
" Or ſome low cloud in gathering eddies weeps,
" To the fond view the painted proſpects die,
" And flowers, and flocks, and trees, in blotted ruin lie."

—" Thus, when in war's red arms *Æneas* lay,
" And ſeem'd to breathe his heaving ſoul away,
" Before his view the ſea-ſprung *Venus* ſtood,
" And ſwath'd, with heavenly hand, the clotted blood;
" With whiſper'd ſighs departing life reſtrains,
" And with immortal nectar charms his pains;
" The reſcu'd chief by treaſur'd love repays
" The life he owes, and pours his ſoul in praiſe."

In the third line of the last quotation, we discover a slight incorrectness. Venus assisting the physician of the wounded Æneas, was *invisible*.

——*Obſcuro* faciem circumdata nimbo.
——*Occulte* medicans.
[Vide 12th Æneid.]

By the by, and with due deference to Mrs. M.'s classical learning, we take the freedom to question her historical accuracy in the second line of the poem:

" How *Arria liv'd*, and *Laodonia fell*."

Of Arria, we are told that her husband being sentenced to suffer death at Rome, on a charge of conspiracy, she first stabbed herself, and then delivering the poignard to *Pœtus*, desired him to follow her example.

The name of *Laodonia* has never occurred to us; but we have read of a lady called *Laodamia*, whose husband, Protesilaus, being slain at Troy, she abandoned herself to excessive grief, and at length threw herself into the flames, where the wooden image of her dead lord, which she had been accustomed to caress, had been previously flung by her offended parent. Indeed, to have fallen dead on the body of her husband, as stated in the note, was a thing rather impracticable, as three hundred miles intervened between the shores of Ilium and the palace of Phylace. For an authority on this point, we refer to Homer's Iliad, book ii.

" Theſe own'd as Chief Proteſilaus the brave,
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave;
The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies far diſtant from his native plain,
Unfiniſh'd his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain."

Perhaps, then, there is reason for altering the line thus:

" How Arria fell, and Laodamia died."

But this would be reason without rhyme.

In the course of the poem, we meet with a few epithets that are not very appropriate, and some phrases of an ambiguous meaning.

" Verum ubi plura nitent, in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas incuria fudit."

Art. XII.

Desultory Reflections on the new Political Aspects of Public Affairs in the United States of America, since the commencement of the year 1799. 8*vo. pp.* 62. *New-York, printed for the Author, by* G. *and* R. Waite, *and published by* J. W. Fenno. 1800.

IN the advertisement prefixed to this pamphlet, the author lays claim to the confidence of his

readers, by the assurance that "he courts not the consideration of the high, nor the favours of the low. The perfidious patronage of courtiers, and the dirty caps of the million, are to him objects of equal contempt. He has no favour to seek from either."—We do not doubt the sincerity of this assurance; but there are few things in which men are more apt to deceive themselves, than in the opinion they are so prone to entertain of their entire exemption from prejudice or bias of any kind. The degree of impartiality and wisdom displayed by this writer, will be best seen in his performance. Elevated above the reach of any sinister influence, he proposes to take a deliberate and dispassionate survey of the political condition of his country.—"The conviction which he feels of the dangers which threaten America, brought to the verge of ruin by the time-serving, mean, and miserable politics of our country," constitutes his apology for presenting this *project* for its salvation.

In his view of public affairs, the author appears to be of the number of those who look on the dark side of the political hemisphere, and descry ruin and desolation in every passing cloud. He is of opinion that the great tide of affairs which was to lead on to fortune and renown, had attained its full flood in the summer of 1798, "when the whole extent of the continent bristled with the bayonets of indignant volunteers;" that the great system of national policy has changed since that period; and it is the purpose of the present publication to show the folly of that change, and to bring us to what he supposes to be the only secure and stable position of national glory and prosperity, an offensive and defensive alliance with Great-Britain, against France, Spain, and Holland. While the warfare was carrying on in Europe, "the hope to continue neutral was foolish, and the wish to remain so dishonourable."—And which side in the mighty conflict, America should have chosen, he thinks "did not demand a moment's hesitation; when the proudest and greatest of nations took us, with joy, by the hand, exulted over our late return to reason, unfolded her arcana to our view, and opened every avenue that could lead to political consequence or commercial prosperity." But these golden prospects of wealth and glory, which were presented by the protecting arm of Great-Britain, were dissipated by the *neutral* and irresolute spirit of our government.

Our author speaks with contempt of our warlike preparations to preserve *peace*, at a season when we ought to have been at war. He deems it to have been the period most favourable "for staying the enervating inroads which fifteen years of sluggish peace and insignificance had made." His ideas are derived from that system of politics which considers war as *necessary* to keep alive the spirit of honour and the love of glory among the people, which are repressed and extinguished by negociation and peace. The state of degradation and submission to which he considers the nation as fallen, he imputes to the "obstinacy, vanity, and wrongheadedness of the chief magistrate."

The present embassy to France, by which we are to be sacrificed, "and prostrated at the footstool of rebels, regicides, and usurpers, was projected at a time when the affairs of the coalition were flourishing beyond example."—"Such a juncture," he thinks, "could not have been stumbled on by chance, but it is amidst the secret recesses of *narrow jealousy*, and *private views*, and vanity made drunk, that the grounds of this execrable step are to be explored." The following

exhibition of the opinions and views of the personage with whom that measure originated, may surprise some of our readers, who do not, like this writer, discover the secret springs which give movement to the great political machine.

"Here a ſcene opens to our aſtoniſhed view, which is well calculated to appal the ſenſes of men not prepared for the *worſt reſults of the worſt deſigns of deliberate malice.* It will be expedient to touch lightly on the ſeveral topics which this ſubject involves: fortunately, a curſory view of them will ſuffice for our purpoſe.

"That a deliberate purpoſe is entertained of involving this country in a moſt horrible and ruinous war, there are various incidents of evidence, which it would neither be prudent nor proper to dilate on. It may be received as a fact, that he who ſeems ſo ambitious to be the arbi[illegible] of peace and war, expreſsly declared his conviction, that a war with Great-Britain was the only means left of reconciling parties in this country: that the expedition of the ſuppliants was decided on, with a reſolution to conſider Great-Britain in a new and remote light, is abundantly proved by various ſubſequent occurrences."

In removing a late Secretary of State from office, the author of his dismission is charged with being influenced by envy and "a malice which no lapse of time can charm, no change of circumstances appease." This is a heavy accusation to be made against any man; and, in the complexity and variety of human motives, which cannot always be seen and understood, charity should lead to the selection of some other less malignant and detestable in the supreme executive magistrate. This author, no doubt, well weighed the grounds of his opinion before he made so serious a charge; for, whatever may be our belief of the injustice or propriety of this procedure, we should hesitate before we should ascribe it to the workings of envy and jealousy, or the suggestions of implacable malice. But this is not the only thing for which the supposed author of all our evils has excited the hatred and contempt of this writer. The following are some of his observations on the answer to the address of the citizens of Alexandria, in June last:

"But theſe wretches [American printers] are *fools*, *villains*, and *lyars* of the firſt magnitude, the very foſter-fathers of rebellion and every foul and unnatural crime: it is their vocation to cry down reaſon and honeſty, and to propagate error and deluſion of the groſſeſt kind. We do not, therefore, wonder at theſe things coming from them. But when we ſee an high and reſponſible public character entering the liſts of calumny, and tearing open old wounds to gratify perſonal and private rancour, there is a call for all our indignation and all our rage.

"Becauſe the man was obliged to ſkulk in Holland, in the habiliments of a ſailor, from the purſuit of Sir Joſeph Yorke's meſſengers, at a time when he was acting, in Holland, the part of *Genet in America*,* and becauſe the king put ſome ſlight upon him at a ſubſequent period, are we to be made the ſport of his prejudice and private pique?"

A candid and impartial reader would consider the answer as dictated by the address, and not as the premeditated effusions of "a malignant heart, actuated by some sinister design." But our readers will make their own comments on the decency or justice of the passage here quoted. From the whole tenour of the sentiments contained in this pamphlet, it would be natural to infer that the writer was one who had *old wounds*, which allusions to the American revolution made painful. Independence is what he cannot be made to regard with any complacency or approbation. The language of self-dependance is consi-

* Indeed! How then is the American revolution regarded by this writer? The anſwer is obvious. *Rev.*

dered by him as the "vaunting of folly, and as preposterous in the extreme." We must look to Great-Britain for the security and prosperity of our commerce, as well as for our political safety. It is only by throwing ourselves with the full confidence of affection, into the arms of that great and magnanimous nation, that we can proceed with success in the brilliant career of national aggrandizement and glory. The American dependencies of Spain, France, and Holland, are held forth as fit and alluring objects for our conquest in the west and the east. These conquests, he believes, might be atchieved without difficulty; and the "*contingent* we could bring into the *coalition*, would be such as to entitle us to assume the rank of a *first-rate* power, and to make *stipulations*, the fulfilment of which could not fail to fix us in a state of prosperity, and *to extend our empire and renown.*" This shallow and deceitful project for exciting a pernicious ambition, must be regarded as the offspring of a heated and perverted imagination. He who could seriously recommend it, must have taken a very imperfect survey of the peculiar condition of this country, and of that system of policy which is necessarily connected with it. Indeed, this performance, throughout, exhibits great ignorance of the political and commercial spirit of Great-Britain, and the true and solid interests of the United States.

That the United States are, and will be, a great commercial nation, is too obvious to be denied; and government ought not, nor can, by regulation or restriction, prevent the growth of this spirit of trade. But whoever is acquainted with the character of the people, will perceive that if suffered to take their own way, they will go on with sufficient strides towards commercial grandeur and opulence; and that this progress will be equal to, if not greater, than that of agriculture, which constitutes the basis of the strength and riches of this country. Instead of wasting a scanty population and revenue, in "extending our empire and renown" by foreign conquests, the possession of which must ever be precarious, and dependent on the will or caprice of other nations, we should seek, in our own uncultivated regions, a field of conquest worthy a hardy and virtuous people; in subjecting which to the hand of culture and art, we shall acquire the rich rewards of honourable toil, and a fame not tarnished with crime or stained with blood.

Notwithstanding all that this writer has said in favour of an union with Great-Britain against France, we cannot but believe that there is a middle road of *neutral* and *independent* policy, which may be pursued with true honour and justice, and which will enable us to maintain the genuine interest and prosperity of this country more effectually than by taking a part in the endless contentions of the two great leading nations of Europe. Independent of the obvious and natural suggestion of such a scheme of policy, flowing from a view of our peculiar circumstances, it would be sufficient, if we sought for support from the opinions of others, to refer to the solemn recommendations of Washington, and other patriots of America, who are now no more. And we beg leave to recommend to the attentive consideration of the author of these reflections, the opinions of such men; and that he ponder well the history of the American revolution, connected with a view of the origin and progress of the British system of commercial policy; and if he is not then convinced, what, in truth, is palpable, of the extreme folly and perniciousness of his plan of

coalition and conquest, so strongly recommended in this performance, we must think him the willing slave of prejudice.

Whether the measures of our government, for the last year, have been the best calculated to preserve that wise system of neutral policy which has been hitherto pursued, we presume not to determine. Some things have been done, the prudence and propriety of which appeared questionable; but, in the midst of the storms and tempests which vex the great ocean of politics, it requires consummate prudence and skill to steer our national bark with safety. Great-Britain and France are the opposite rocks, the *Sylla* and *Charybdis*, on which it may split. It would argue much weakness and folly, while it is possible to avoid both, to rush on either.

We cannot forbear smiling at the serious confidence with which this writer recommends a grand *co-partnership* in trade between Great-Britain and America, by which they are "to play into each other's hands, and concentre the commerce of the whole world in their own ports." Under the auspices of this union, "America is to acquire a *national character*, and her name cease to become an *opprobrium*." Without it, "she is doomed to irretrievable ruin." Does a knowledge of the situation of Great-Britain, compared with that of America, of her monopolizing spirit, and the selfishness of human nature, authorize us to believe that such a co-partnership would continue? The fellowship of rival pedlars and shop-keepers, would be just as sincere and as durable. To suppose that Great-Britain would change that system by which she upholds her commercial empire, and act towards America from principles of disinterestedness and magnanimity, would betray gross ignorance and credulity. But the subject is too complex and important to be treated superficially, and neither the province we have assumed, nor the limits assigned, allow of any adequate discussion of such topics.

Another part of the *project* of our author is the scheme for the abolition of the present *federal* form of our government. The importance of the subject will excuse us for quoting it at length.

"The time is arrived when we must *repudiate* the author of our evils from any share in our confidence, and adopt all proper and honourable means to thwart those future measures by which he may attempt to sacrifice the honour and safety of the country.

"*Under the auspices of a wise and prudent ruler*, we may then proceed, by judicious provisions, to ward off, in future, similar disasters to those which have so nearly destroyed us. The arbitrary power now deposited in the hands of one man must be checked and regulated, somewhat after the manner of the British constitution,* or by any better, if better can be devised by American ingenuity. Experience has shown us, how entirely we have entrusted 'our lives and fortunes all,' into the power of a single man; and if we have common wisdom, we shall profit by that experience, to bar up, in future, every avenue to so dangerous, and, in our case, so ruinous an exercise of an authority so inconsistent with the spirit of freedom, or the nature of man, as that by which we have suffered.

"*Under the auspices of a wise and prudent ruler*, we might proceed to other reformations absolutely essential to the continuance of our existence, as a truly great, *free*, and independent nation. Those egregious baubles of sovereignty, those pestiferous incitements to demagogy, the State governments, might be abolished, and their officers rendered dependent, as they ought to be, on the government of the United States, instead of having it in their power, as at present, to organize revolts against that government.

* We cannot but smile at a scheme for *limiting* the power of the president by transforming him into an English king! *Rev.*

"This would be a very admirable act for a new adminiſtration to commence its career with,* the unfortunate people being in as diſtreſsful a ſituation, amidſt the jars and claſhings of the multiplicity of juriſdictions, as they would be placed between *two globes revolving in contact*;† ſo that *a more popular*, or *a more judicious ſtep*, could not be adopted.

"The preſent *topographical location* of the States ſhould, in order the more effectually to aboliſh the memory of *Federaliſm*, be *totally changed*,‡ and the continent divided into ten, fifteen, or twenty counties, to be governed by a lieutenant, or præfect, appointed by the executive: certain ſubaltern appointments ſhould be in his gift.§ Theſe præfects would conſtitute as proper an Upper Houſe, for one branch of the Legiſlature, as could well be deviſed. I venture to affirm that it would be found a more proper and independent branch than that for which it would be ſubſtituted.

"*Under the auſpices of a wiſe and prudent ruler*, the *elective franchiſe* might forever be cut off from all paupers, vagabonds and outlaws, and the legiſlation of the country placed in thoſe hands to which it belongs, the *proprietors of the country*.‖ At preſent we are the vaſſals of foreign outlaws. The frequency of elections, thoſe elections being now entruſted to men of ſenſe, men of principle, and men having an intereſt connected with the intereſts of the country, declines of courſe, as the folly and danger of annual elections can now be ſecurely remedied.

"Thus will the public burthens be alleviated—thus will public dilapidations ceaſe—thus will undue influence, corruption of the loweſt and baſeſt ſort, be eradicated; while the people grow quieter, happier, and are better ſerved, without a ruinous and uſeleſs expenſe.

"The principle of federaliſm muſt be aboliſhed, or it will very ſoon deſtroy the principle of union. It is *influence* that ſways the ſceptre of irregular or popular governments; and I will leave any man to decide what compariſon the influence of the government of the United States will bear with the ſixteen governments of the States. It is as ſixteen to one."

We ſhall leave these opinions, which this writer conſiders "as prevailing to a conſiderable extent," to the reflections of our readers. So great an alteration in the forms of the American governments, demand much previous deliberation and deep reflection, and, if found expedient, could never be effected without a general conviction of its neceſſity and utility. That a writer who regards all change as an evil, and who declares that "to change even from bad to good, is not, at all times, expedient or ſafe, *ſince* it implies a confeſſion of error, and often of guilt, which the pride of man revolts at," ſhould, at the ſame time, recommend great changes with ſo much earneſtness, is as unaccountable, as the opinion juſt quoted is unintelligible.

The topics ſtarted in this performance, of which we have given ſo copious an account, are of the moſt momentous kind, in the diſcuſſion of which, the reader will find little aid from theſe "deſultory" and ſuperficial reflections. The ideas of the author are crude, and very imperfectly and unſatisfactorily ſtated. His propoſitions are not of that ſelf-evident nature as to require to be laid down only, in order to

* We muſt ſmile again at one who thus gravely recommends to a new preſident as the firſt act of his adminiſtration, the *total ſubverſion* of the preſent government. *Rev.*

† The poor fellows might ſuffer ſomething between *two mill-ſtones*, but they would have little to dread between *two globes*. *Rev.*

‡ Would he do what only deluges and earthquakes can? *Rev.*

§ A ſtrange mode of limiting the power of one man juſt before complained of. *Rev.*

‖ Does the author here mean to ſay that every perſon not poſſeſſed of *real* property is a pauper, vagabond, or outlaw? or that a property in the ſoil is the only juſt qualification for an elector? How deeply verſed muſt he be in the ſcience of political economy! *Rev.*

produce conviction. Great boldness and extravagance of expression, and a certain audacity of remark, may be mistaken for eloquence, but will never be confounded with truth.

There is considerable vivacity and spirit in the style of this performance, which, if properly chastized by a correct judgment, would render the author a popular writer. More precision, and less redundancy of expression, are necessary to give full effect to his ideas. The affectation of uncommon words, and of such as are of doubtful propriety, should have been avoided in a publication intended to be generally read.

Sober and candid readers will feel disposed to censure the almost unprecedented freedom of language used towards a person who holds the highest office in the government of this nation; and, though they may coincide in the general sentiment of disapprobation on certain measures, they must feel a contempt and aversion for one who is wholly unmindful of the civility and decorum to be observed in the expression of that disapprobation, and which are perfectly consistent with a free and independent spirit. The language of expostulation may be manly, and possess the ardour and energy of a patriotic mind, without degenerating into rudeness and scurrility.

The fashion of Latin quotation, and idle annotation and reference, which good sense had almost exploded from *English* composition, we are sorry to see, from the example of some late writers, becoming prevalent to a ridiculous and extravagant degree.

Art. XIII.

Observations on the Commerce of Spain with her Colonies, in time of war. By a Spaniard, in Philadelphia. Translated from the original Manuscript, by another Spaniard. 8vo. *pp.* 63. *Philadelphia.* J. Carey. 1800.*

THE opinions of Adam Smith, on general and colonial commerce, are adopted by the author of these observations, and it is his design, in the present performance, to persuade his countrymen of the truth of the principles of a *free* trade, and the ruinous consequences of that prohibitory system continued by Spain for two hundred and fifty years.

A Royal order of the 18th November, 1797, permitting neutral vessels to trade to Spanish ports, in articles not prohibited, was annulled by a decree of the 20th April, 1799.

This decree, which the author regards as pernicious to the prosperity of the Spanish Colonies, has induced him to make public his opinions as early as possible, on a subject so important to the commercial interest of his country.

While the Colonies received all their supplies from the mother country in *flotas*, and their commerce was confined to the port of Cadiz, the national commerce became almost annihilated, and Spain was under the necessity of receiving *from* foreigners, the productions of her own colonies. "Eight or ten commercial houses in Cadiz were, in reality, masters of the trade of Spain, from Florida to Califo nia, and the shipments in Spa , sales in America, and returns home, only

* The Chevalier DE YRUJO, late Minister of his Catholic Majesty to the United States, is said to be the author. He is known as the translator of the "Wealth of Nations," into the Spanish language, for which he deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

displayed a ruinous chain of the most scandalous monopoly." "Although," this writer observes, "it may appear surprising to some, and to others a perfect paradox, we can affirm, that foreign contraband preserved in our colonies the germ of agriculture, and of that prosperity which manifests itself since the benevolent and happy decree of free trade." It was in the reign of Charles III. that this system of *flotas* and monopoly was abolished, and other parts of Spain were permitted to participate the riches of the new world. Though great clamour was raised against this decree, and the destruction of commerce predicted, yet even Cadiz herself, the supposed immediate victim of this innovation, found its trade increased, and the amount of duties of the Custom-house, though the *tariff* was lessened, augmented, in a few years, from one and a half millions of dollars, to four millions. Barcelona, Catalonia, Alicant, Malaga, Corunna, and other ports have experienced equal advantages from the removal of former restrictions.

Agriculture, the parent of all the materials of subsistence, and labour, which gives to them new forms, and prepares them for an unlimited variety of new uses, are the foundation and support of all commerce. To attend only to the encouragement of the latter, without having first given life and spirit to the former, "is to build up the edifice of national prosperity, by beginning its fabric where it ought to end." The flourishing example of England and Holland has dazzled superficial observers, who did not see that the basis of English commerce had been previously laid in agriculture and manufactures, and that Holland, from the necessity of local circumstances, was constrained to turn the active industry of its people towards colonization and commerce.

This writer is the ardent opposer of all monopolies, which he distinguishes into two kinds; the one where exclusive privileges are given to individuals, or particular bodies of men, to the prejudice of the people in general; the other, when the merchants obtain from government the exclusive, or, at least, a more advantageous protection in favour of commerce than of agriculture and industry. From the first of these monopolies, by the decree before alluded to, respecting free trade, Spain is entirely exempt. The second, which is formidable from its numerous partizans and defenders, remains to be combatted. Aware of the objection always made to censures on particular encouragements given to commerce, our author remarks:

"It might, perhaps, be obſerved, that ſuch is the intimate connection between commerce, and induſtry, and agriculture, that the promotion of the firſt tends evidently to the proſperity of the other two. I agree in the force of this obſervation, when the *commerce of the nation has the means of ſupplying the wants* both of the mother country and her colonies; but whenever, either from the want of theſe means, *or by the interruption of mercantile intercourſe ariſing from war, or any other accident, the national commerce cannot attend to theſe neceſſary demands, it would be unjuſt to deprive his majeſty's ſubjects, both in Spain and her colonies, of the articles of firſt neceſſity, merely becauſe they were not to receive them from the privileged hands of our merchants;* it would be ſacrificing our important colonial agriculture, and the happineſs of ſeveral millions of good Spaniards, to the unfounded jealouſy and unbounded ambition of a few individuals! In a word, it would be to ſubmit the intereſt of the principal to the ridiculous pretenſions of the acceſſory."

In support of his opinion, the examples of England and France are introduced. The particular monopolies or encouragement to artists and merchants in England, led

to disputes with the colonies, which produced a contest, in which the latter threw off both the commercial restrictions and political sovereignty of the mother country. In France, the decree of 1784, which opened four free ports in the French colonies, to neutrals, produced a ferment, and a dispute between the merchants and planters, which, after a long and violent discussion, terminated in favour of the colonists. That the agriculture of the French colonies increased, is proved by a statement of the exports presented to the constituent Assembly, which, in 1782, were one hundred and fifty-four millions of livres, and in 1790, two hundred and twenty-eight millions of livres.

A distinction is made between *trade* and the *trader*, *commerce* and the *merchant*, the want of which, this writer considers as the cause of the most pernicious errors. The noisy clamours, and melancholy predictions of a few self-interested merchants, have had, often times, more influence with government than the principles of commerce. People are apt to consider trade as ruined, because the trader complains. Merchants are the agents, the brokers and carriers of the farmer and artizan, whose productions may be exchanged without their intervention; so that as commerce, though in a more limited degree, may exist without them, they are not to be considered as commerce itself. This ingenious and theoretical distinction may be of use, in guarding against prejudice and sinister influence, which may lead the mind astray from a just and comprehensive view of the subject.

Having shown that the first object of government should be the encouragement of agriculture as well in Spain as in the colonies, our author proceeds to prove that the agriculture of the colonies cannot improve, but must perish without a liberal supply of the articles of European manufactures, and the products of the United States, necessary for them. The cheaper and more plentiful these supplies are, the more active and productive will agriculture become. Spain is wholly unable to furnish them in time of war, and in peace she must do it at a higher price than other nations. By refusing to neutrals the liberty of supplying the colonies, several of them have been reduced to distress and compelled to neglect cultivation, and contraband and smuggling are increased to the injury of the revenue. In spite of all the promises of the merchants of Spain, experience has shown, that in the present war, they have been wholly incompetent to answer the demands of the colonists.

The prohibitory decree of April 1799, which this writer believes to have been obtained by surprise, and by the arts of the merchants of Cadiz, he regards as subversive of the prosperity of the colonies, and injurious to the interest of the mother country, and to the merchants in general.

Necessity has, at times, forced the government of *Havanna*, and the intendants of the province of *Caracas*, to open a trade for neutrals in spite of the prohibitory decrees of *Spain*, which proves the folly and absurdity of such regulations. The more distant provinces of South America have felt the consequences of those restrictions, and have been compelled to supply their wants at the most exorbitant prices. Pitch, which is purchased in the United States at three dollars per barrel, has been sold at Buenos Ayres, for forty dollars.

This prohibitory decree, if rigidly inforced, will be not less injurious to Spain than her colonies; for its productions will remain at home, and the few vessels which

are sent from thence, are inadequate to the supply of the colonies, while the greater number of them are captured by British privateers and cruizers. On the other hand, cocoa and sugars, which are become articles of the first necessity to Spain, cannot be introduced there, in time of war, in proportion to the demand; and the Spanish subject is obliged to pay fifty per cent. more for those articles than if the ports were open to neutrals.

The effects of this decree in diminishing the King's revenue on exports and imports, in Old and New Spain, are illustrated by calculations taken from the exports of Havanna; and it is supposed, that if the whole commerce of the Spanish provinces in South-America are taken into the account, the loss which the Royal revenue sustains by the closing of the ports to neutrals, is, at least, twelve millions of dollars; and all this to gratify half a dozen merchants in Cadiz! The further ill-effects of this system of prohibition, relate to the supply of the army, kept up, in time of war, in the Spanish possessions in America. Flour, which is wanted for the troops stationed in the Floridas and Louisiana, may be purchased of the neighbouring States of Georgia and Carolina, at five or six dollars per barrel. Now, this is first supplied from the United States to Spain, and from thence reshipped to her colonies; and, by the time it arrives there, it becomes spoiled, and the expenses, charges, and duties, have enhanced the price to thirty dollars a barrel.

Having thus proved that the execution of the decree of April 1799, will be greatly injurious to the industry and agriculture of Old and New Spain, and occasion a great diminution of the public revenue, the author goes on to show that it is no less contrary to the interest of the merchants of Spain in general. They must ultimately feel the consequence of starving and pinching the colonies, whose increased prosperity and population would not fail to produce a correspondent demand on the merchants for supplies of every kind, and a consequent necessity for more ships and sailors. They act like the ignorant Indian who cut down the tree to gather the fruit.

To expose the fallaciousness of the promises of adequate assistance to the colonies, it is stated, that the profit of the merchant, on the cargo exported, would amount to two hundred per cent. but knowing the great probability of capture, he gets the duties and profits also insured; so that whether the vessel arrives safe or not, the merchant is a great gainer, and the colonist would be left to starve if it were not for the contraband trade: for contraband and smuggling will increase in exact proportion to the extent of prohibition, and the exorbitance of duties, which is verified by the experience of every commercial nation. The extent and policy of the English contraband trade between Jamaica and the Spanish colonies, is stated, from B. Edwards' History of the West Indies.

To convince that class of men who are governed more by authority and example, than by the dictates of reason and common sense, he cites the conduct of the Danes and French in opening their ports to neutrals, and, in many instances, the English themselves.

This writer, though free in his animadversion on the selfish conduct of the merchants, professes his respect for that honourable and useful class of men, and declares himself as much a friend to commerce as he is an enemy to monopoly.

Though hastily written, this performance discovers considerable knowledge of the commercial in-

terests of Spain, and a liberality of spirit, and zeal for the prosperity and happiness of the colonies, very honourable to the author. To those whose attention is directed to such inquiries, and to the Spanish merchants in general, it will, as a general sketch of the arguments on a very important subject, be found useful and interesting.

Art. XIV.

A Sermon on the Propriety of attending Public Worship, and an attentive, serious Conduct in the House of God. By John Eliot, *D. D. Minister of the New North Church, Boston.* 8*vo. pp.* 36. *Boston.* Russell. 1800.

THE text of this respectable sermon is chosen from Proverbs viii. 31. *Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.* The design of the author is two-fold, corresponding with the title of the sermon. First, to show the propriety and importance of meeting with the public worshippers of God on the Sabbath; and, secondly, to inculcate the duty of behaving in a serious, attentive, and reverent manner, while engaged in this solemn service. A great part of the first head, after some general remarks, is employed in answering the excuses and objections of those who do not attend on the public institutions of religion. The second is chiefly taken up in showing, that in attending on the services of the sanctuary, we should divest our minds of prejudice, and listen with candour; that we should avoid all levity of behaviour; that we should apply the things delivered to ourselves; and, finally, that we should suffer them to remain and operate on the heart.

This sermon appears to have been published with a particular view to the instruction and improvement of the congregation committed to the author's pastoral charge. It is accordingly written in that style of serious, unaffected good sense, and persuasive plainness, which are well calculated to answer the purpose intended. Doctor E. makes no attempt to dazzle by the fervour and boldness of oratory; but seems continually intent on convincing and persuading those whom he addresses. His mode of treating the subject discovers reading, reflection, and an acquaintance with the human heart. His style is perspicuous and manly, though sometimes negligent. We think this a valuable addition to the numerous sermons which have been published on the same subject.

Art. XV.

A Discourse, delivered April 1st, 1800, *in the Brick Presbyterian Church, before the New-York Missionary Society, at their Annual Meeting. By* William Linn, *D.D. one of the Ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church in the City of New-York.* 8*vo. pp.* 40. *New-York.* I. Collins. 1800.

THE passage of scripture on which this discourse is founded, is Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6. *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.* After some introductory remarks, on which the suitableness of the subject to the occasion is well pointed out, Dr. Linn proceeds to state the object of his discourse, which is "simply to describe the temper and practice of those who can sincerely

speak the language of the text." In this description he shows, 1. That "the enlargement of the church is, to such, an object of their highest desire." 2. "That such will encourage and strengthen one another in this glorious work." 3. That "those who feel the spirit expressed in the text, will make the cause of the church matter of earnest and repeated supplications to the throne of grace." 4. That "those who possess this temper will cheerfully contribute of their worldly substance to promote the spread of the gospel."

In executing the above plan, Dr. L. states and answers some of the numerous objections which have been urged against the missionary undertaking, and concludes with a direct and particular application of the subject to the grand object of the Society before which the discourse was delivered.

We have no doubt that the friends of religion will peruse this discourse with great pleasure. Dr. L. discovers a pious and enlightened zeal in the cause which he advocates. He expresses himself with the ardour and pathos of a man who *speaks because he believes.* His arrangement is good; and the sentiments which he delivers such as we should expect from a consistent and serious minister of the gospel.

While we speak in this manner of Dr. L.'s sentiments, as exhibited in the discourse under consideration, we would make one exception, or rather suggest a single doubt. Our doubt has a respect to what he says in the eleventh page, in which he seems to express it as his belief, that all the heathen world who live and die without hearing of a Saviour will certainly perish. The bible, doubtless, teaches, that all who *hear* of the gospel, and *reject* it, will eternally perish. And we also grant, that this sacred volume does not give us any direct encouragement to hope for the salvation of any who die under the darkness of Paganism. But ought we not to leave them to the judgment of a God of mercy, and to be cautious of limiting divine grace, which may be exercised in a way that we know not of? Would it not have been sufficient for the author's purpose, if he had declared his belief, that there is no salvation but in Christ—that we know not how the heathen can be interested in his mediation, without having the gospel preached to them—and that this consideration should awaken the benevolence and zeal of all who love the Redeemer and the souls of men, to send the message of life and peace to those who are sitting in darkness? We do not accuse Dr. L. of teaching any thing erroneous; but we doubt whether a more cautious mode of speaking would not have been more proper, and equally affecting. We acknowledge, however, that it is safer to err on the side Dr. L. has chosen, than on the opposite.

With respect to the style of this discourse, it is in Dr. L.'s usual manner, with which the public has been for some time acquainted. It is simple, perspicuous, and forcible. It is sometimes too concise to be smooth; but exhibits a degree of zeal and earnestness which a good deal interested us, and is sufficiently correct and agreeable to please a candid reader.

Subjoined to the discourse is the Annual Report of the Directors of the New-York Missionary Society. From this report we learn, that the Directors are pursuing the objects of the association with zeal and success. They have already established a mission of considerable extent, and with good prospects, among the Chickasaw Indians, in the north-west corner of the State of Georgia.

Art. XVI.

A Discourse on the Character and Death of General George Washington, *delivered at Ipswich, on the 22d February, A. D.* 1800. *By* Joseph Dana, *A. M. Pastor of the South Church in that place. 8vo. pp.* 28. *Newburyport.* Blunt. 1800.

THIS discourse deserves to be respectfully mentioned among the numberless productions which have appeared on the same subject. Mr. D. exhibits himself, at once, the ardent admirer and eulogist of human virtue; and the pious divine, who would lead the minds of his hearers and readers to the great source of excellence, to whom all the glory is due. Did not our limits compel us to dismiss, with very brief remarks, the discourses and orations which remain on hand, upon a subject which has filled so many pages of ou. Review for several months past, we could select passages from this performance which, we think, would reflect credit on the talents and the heart of the author.

Art. XVII.

A Discourse on the Character and Virtues of General George Washington; *delivered on the 22d February, 1800, &c. By* Daniel Dana, *Minister of a Church in Newburyport. 8vo. pp.* 31. *Newburyport, March,* 1800.

OUR judgment of this discourse will be expressed by applying to it what we have said in the last article.—We have only to add, that the strain of this is more impassioned; the style rather more agreeable and correct; and the whole structure more rhetorical and impressive.

Art. XVIII.

A Sermon, delivered at Newburyport, on the 22d February, 1800. *By the Rev.* John Boddily, *Minister in the Second Presbyterian Church in said town. 8vo. pp.* 15. *Newburyport.* Blunt. 1800.

THIS sermon, on the same occasion, stands, in our opinion, several grades lower, with regard to literary merit, than those noticed in the two last articles. Mr. B.'s manner is serious and popular; but he is neither rich in sentiment, nor accurate in expression. We doubt, also, whether frequent and long quotations of poetry ought to be introduced into the pulpit.

Art. XIX.

An Oration, delivered in St. Paul's Church, on the 4th of July, 1800, *before the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, and other Associations and Citizens. By* M. L. Davis, *of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. 8vo. pp.* 21. *New-York.* W. A. Davis. 1800.

WE do not discover any thing in this oration entitled to a great share of encomium, or liable to much exception. The style is neat, flowing and unaffected, and the sentiments, in general, patriotic and judicious, without aiming at originality. It has the appearance of a composition executed with promptness, without incurring the expense of much time and labour in coining epithets, or weaving metaphors. We think it pretty successfully calculated for the occasion on which it was prepared, and presume that, if delivered by Mr. D. with the graces of elocution, it has been received by his audience with

much applause. It contains, however, one or two opinions of which we much doubt the justness and propriety. Indeed, we feel some degree of abhorrence at the idea of perpetuating our hatred of Great-Britain, by recounting to our *children* the cruelties and barbarities of that nation, during our revolutionary war.—Let the pen of the faithful historian record these acts, and let the youthful generation read them in the full maturity of judgment; but, for the love of humanity, let us not teach our children to lisp execrations, nor take pains to pour over their tender minds the bitter spirit of national enmity.

ART. XX.

Mount-Vernon, a Poem by John Searson, *formerly of Philadelphia, Merchant.* 8*vo. Philadelphia.* R. Folwell. 1800.

THE intellectual drivelings of a harmless simpleton excite, by turns, our laughter and our pity; but the printer who can employ his press to "turn" such stuff "to shape," and give to ineffable nonsense "a local habitation and a name," deserves reprehension from all who feel a reverence for the dignity of literature.

We are surprised that Mr. Folwell was not ashamed to stamp his name on the title-page. Perhaps, however, he is interested in promoting the sale of the book, and did not, at the time, recollect the saying of Mr. Pope, "that a man will no more purchase a book, on account of its being published by an eminent printer, than he will buy a coat that does not fit him, merely because made by a famous taylor." Neither are the subscribers to such publications exempt from censure. When strangers light upon such volumes in our houses, smoothly bound and brightly lettered, what idea will they form of American taste? Will they not imagine that we have introduced the notion of equality even into the republic of letters?

SELECTIONS.

ANECDOTES *of* GAINSBOROUGH.

[From Jackson's Four Ages.]

IN the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much sur-

prised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to *him*), when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewy eve!" Many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed: this was wonderful, as it was Abel's *own* instrument, and, therefore, *ought* to have produced Abel's own music!

Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy; but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpless—and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and Arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation (this was not a pedal harp), when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away—if you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians!

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crosdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when, upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded (perhaps because it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, who, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe— * * * says he, "I am come to buy your lute."

"To pay my lude!"

"Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money."

"I cannod shell my lude!"

"No, not for a guinea or two! but by G— you must sell it."

"May lude ish wert much monay! it ish wert ten guinea."

"That it is—see, here is the money."

"Well, if I musht—but you will not take it away yourshelf!"

"Yes, yes—Good bye" * * *

(After he had gone down he came up again).

* * * "I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?"

"Whad poog, maishter Cainsporough?"

"Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute."

"Ah, py cot, I can never part wit my poog!"

"Poh! you can make another at any time. This is the book I mean" (putting it in his pocket).

"Ah, py cot, I cannot"—

"Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book; so, once more, good day t' ye. (Descends again, and again comes up). But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it? And your lute—you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me my first lesson."

"I will gome to-marrow."

"You must come now."

"I musht tress myshelf."

"For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day."

"Ay musht be shave."

"I honour your beard!"

"Ay musht bud on my wik."

"D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?"

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step—the second was, of course, out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments:

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of figures—to which must be added his drawings.

To take these in the above-mentioned order.

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect his skill was unrivalled. The next point is, that it is a good picture—here he has as often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin washy colouring, and a hatching style of pencilling; but when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly, substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shows a great defect of judgment to be from choice wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of the Blue-boy; it was in the possession of Mr. Buttall, near Newport market.

There are three different æras in his landscapes. His first manner was an imitation of Ruysdael, with more various colouring. The second was an extravagant looseness of pencilling, which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess. His third manner was a solid, firm style of touch.

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months, then ruined it for ever! With all his excellence in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist; but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution—which excellence I shall again mention.

His groups of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural; for a town-girl, with her clothes in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groups at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c. that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure: his Shepherd's boy, Woodman, Girl and Pigs, are equal to the best pictures on such subjects. His Fighting-dogs, Girl warming herself, and some others, show his

great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the Girl and Pigs held at Mr. Calonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation upon one point, it should be on his drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent; his washy, hatching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing, and the hasty loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent wash of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced were in some of his drawings; and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting), his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself, instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said, is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure, which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a Gainsborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the manner in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject, in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, in subjection to them. To a good painter or musician this illustration was needless; and yet, by them only, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gainsborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting; he never sold, but always gave away his drawings, commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value. He hated the harpsichord and the piano-forte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his Letters, that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he had formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it—I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious; his favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered, that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add, that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart

was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"--strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

Account of a Man who lives upon large quantities of raw Flesh; in a Letter from Dr. Johnston, *Commissioner of sick and wounded Seamen, to* Dr. Blane.

Somerset Place, Oct. 28, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING, in August and September last, been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by occular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is, fortunately, a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an inquiry upon this subject, during my stay at that place. I inclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and, as it may probably appear to you, as it does to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry respecting this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
J. JOHNSTON.

To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S. and one of the Commissioners of sick and wounded Seamen.

Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the prison of Liverpool, in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir John B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man, began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and, by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and, in one year, declares he devoured one hundred and seventy-four cats (not their skins), dead or alive; and says, he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before eating; but, when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals, indiscriminately, became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the Hoche, and is now present; and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in, is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily,* he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence, at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance. Nor is his stomach confined to meat, for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refusing to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perfom this for them; and his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day, on the 7th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his sons, Mr. Foster, Agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his powers as follows: there were set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock, there were again put before him, five pounds of beef, and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows, to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock, when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but, from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:

* The French prisoners of war are, at this time, maintained at the expense of their own nation, and are each allowed the following daily ration: twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

Raw cow's udder	4lb.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
Total	16lb.

Beside five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off large morsels with his teeth, rolling them about in his mouth, and swallowing them with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candle between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and, wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after at a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is, in every respect, healthy; his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoaked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin; his countenance rather pleasant, and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by,

DESTAUBAN, French Surgeon.

LE FOURNIER, Steward of the Hospital.

REVET, Commissaire de la Prison.

LE FLEM, Garde du Magazin de l'Hospital.

PICARD, Soldat de la 1st Demi-Brigade.

THOMAS COCHRANE, M. D. Inspector and Surgeon of the Prisons, and Agent, &c. for sick and wounded Seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

A true copy,

JOHN BYNON, Clerk in the Office for sick and wounded Seamen.

ANECDOTES *of* LAVATER.

[From Miss Williams's Tour in Switzerland.]

WE staid long enough at Zuric to visit its first literary ornament, Lavater. It being known that he is willing to receive strangers, no traveller of any lettered curiosity passes through the town without paying him the homage of a visit.

He received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a considerable collection, forming a complete study of the ever-varying expression of the human face divine. Some very wise men, who admit of no scope to that faculty of the mind called imagination, and are for ever bringing every theory to the square and the compass, consider his system of physiognomy as the fantastic vision of an heated brain; but though it may be difficult, it is surely ingenious and interesting, to attempt reducing to rules a science which seems to be founded in nature. It is surely curious to analyse what it is so easy to feel, the charm of that expression which is the emanation of moral qualities; that undefinable grace which is not beauty, but something more; without which its enchantments lose their power of fascination, and which can shed an animated glow, a spark of divinity, over the features of deformity.

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

Lavater is a venerable looking old man, with a sharp, long face, high features, and a wrinkled brow: he is tall, thin, and interesting in his figure: when serious, he has a look of melancholy, almost of inquietude; but when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence.

There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, and effusion of the heart extremely attractive: he speaks French with some difficulty, and whenever he is at a loss for an expression, has recourse to German, which I in vain begged a Swiss gentleman, who was of our party, to translate for me: he told me, that for the most part, the German words Lavater employed, were compound epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he used them, but which would be quite vapid and spiritless in translation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, to respect time. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it, as, in the highest degree, immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and, though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zuric. He had been a preacher of the gospel, he said, in that town, thirty years, and so incapable were the citizens of any species of corruption, that he should have rendered himself ridiculous, had he ever, during that long period, preached a sermon against it, since it was a vice unknown. At what a distance, thought I, am I arrived from London and Paris!

When we took our leave of Lavater, he begged we would write our names and place of abode in a book, which he appropriates to the use of inscribing the long list of his foreign visitors. An hour after my return from his house, he came to pay me a visit, which I was taught to consider as an unusual compliment, since it is his general rule not to return the visits of strangers. Religion was the theme of his discourse, and he talked of its pleasures, its consolations, and its hopes, with a solemn sort of enthusiastic fervour, which shewed how much his heart was interested in the subject, and how warmly his sensibility was awake to devotional feelings. Although his zeal was not without knowledge, yet it was somewhat difficult to discover what was his system of belief; whether he was of Paul or Apollos, a follower of Calvin according to the established creed of the Swiss church, or whether he was not, in some sort, the framer of a new doctrine himself.

One of my fellow travellers, who was anxious to wrest from the venerable pastor his confession of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic, from Justin Martyr and Origen, down to the Bishop of St. David's and Dr. Priestley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his study; he seemed to think right and wrong, in historical fact, of far less importance than right and wrong in religious sentiment; and above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his conclusions; and he appeared to have taken less pains to examine religion, than to apply its precepts to the regulation of those frailties and passions of the human heart, the traces of which, hidden from

others, he had marked with such admirable accuracy in the character and expression of outward forms. For myself, I own the solemn, meek, affectionate expression of Lavater's pious sentiments, were peculiarly soothing to my feelings, after having been so long stunned with the cavils of French philosophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their disciples, who are so proud of their scepticism, that they are for ever obtruding it in conversation. The number of those disciples is augmented since the revolution, which has spread far and wide the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire; and every Frenchman, after having read those authors, though he may neither have taste enough to admire the charms of their genius, or virtue to feel the philanthropy of their sentiments, has, at least, acquired sufficient knowledge to assume the appellation of philosopher, and prove his claim to that title, by enlisting himself under the banner of infidelity, without knowing the use of his arms.

Improvement in Distillation.

[From Travels in the Southern Provinces of the Ruſſian Empire, by P. S. Pallas.]

M. SUBOF, the present director of economical affairs in the government of Pensa, has published a treatise in the Russian language, pointing out the means of increasing the quantity of spirits in distillation. From a tchetvert of corn or rye, weighing three hundred and sixty Russian pounds, he has, with the usual apparatus, produced six eimers and a quarter of spirits; or, by computing the Russian eimer at thirteen quarts, upwards of twenty gallons English measure; while others, from a similar quantity of grain, could distil only five eimers, or about sixteen English gallons and one-fourth: nay, he assures the public, that he has brought the art of distilling to such perfection, that from four hundred Russian pounds weight of grain, he has uniformly obtained seven and five-eights eimers of proof-spirits. This remarkable increase of the produce, the author attributes principally to the following circumstance: in order to reduce the temperature of the hot water used in the mash, he caused cold water and ice to be added, by which the loss of spirituous particles, during the fermentation, was prevented.

Method of preserving the natural Colour of Flowers.

AT a meeting of the Philomatic Society, at Paris, Cit. Hauy stated the means which he had successfully employed, to preserve the natural colour in the petals of a great number of dryed flowers. It was only necessary to immerse them, for some minutes, in alcohol. The colours at first faded, but in a short time they resumed their natural tint, which remained permanently fixed. The author is fully convinced of the success of this experiment, as he made it ten years ago on the flowers of various plants, particularly the *Viola odorata*, *Geranium sanguineum*, and *Vicia dumetorum*.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

A SECOND edition of the first and second volumes of the *Medical Repository*, has been some time preparing, by Messrs. T. and J. Swords. The first volume, with a new and improved index, is just published, and the second will shortly appear. The increasing demand for this valuable work, in Europe and America, will doubtless encourage its conductors to persevere in their endeavours to promote the cultivation of the science of medicine, and philosophy, and the diffusion of useful knowledge in this country. The *first* number of the *fourth* volume was published the beginning of the present month.

In the account of the progress of the fine arts in America, may be noticed a series of "Views of the City of Philadelphia," executed and engraved with great correctness and elegance.

Dr. Anderson, of this city, bids fair to rival Bewick and Nesbit, in that useful art, engraving on wood. His recent performances have great neatness and delicacy; and, though wood is less adapted for heads and human figures, he has executed a head of General Washington, which does credit to his skill as an artist.

On the 26th of August, the annual Commencement of Columbia College was held in this City. The following orations were delivered by the several candidates, for the honours of the institution:

1. The salutatory address, in Latin, by George Wilson, of New-York, "De Spe."

2. An oration "On Fame," by John Huyler, of New-Jersey.

3. An oration "On Negro Slavery," by Samuel Harris, of King's County (L. I.)

4. An oration "On the Study of Nature," by John De Peyster, of New-York.

5. Historical traits of the Jews, from their first settlement in North-America, by Samson Simson, of New-York, in Hebrew.

6. An oration "On Solitude," by John Henry, of New-York.

7. An oration "On Diversity of Character," by John Y. Ward, of Westchester County.

8. An oration "On the Passions," by Nicholas I. Quackenboss, of New-York.

9. The English salutatory oration, in the afternoon, "On Freedom," by Matthew Tillary, of New-York.

10. An oration in Greek "Περὶ Φιλίας," (on Friendship), by Peter Wilson, of New York.

11. An oration "On the Influence of Praise on the Human Mind," by John M'Kinnon, of New-York.

12. An oration "On the Utility of Biography," by Charles Floyd Thomas, of Westchester.

13. An oration "On War," by Samuel Halstead, of New-York.

14. A comparison between Julius Cæsar and Bonaparte, by Robert S. Livingston, of New-York.

15. An oration "On Man," by Philip Hamilton, of New-York.

The degree of Batchelor of Arts was then conferred on John De Peyster, Peter Wilson, George Wilson, Nicholas I. Quackenboss, Samuel Halstead, Philip Hamilton, Thomas Rathbone, Matthew Tillary, Samson Simson, John Y. Ward, Samuel Harris, John M'Kinnon, John Huyler, Robert S. Livingston, John Henry, and Charles I. Thomas.

And the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the Rev. Jonathan Freeman, of the State of New-York.

The valedictory oration was then delivered by Thomas Rathbone, of New-York, "On Avarice," after which the solemnities of the day were closed by prayers from the professor.

At the medical commencement, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 31st of May, 1800, the University of Pennsylvania conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on ten candidates. Their names, with the titles of their inaugural dissertations, were as follow: to wit,

Joseph Trent, of Richmond, in Virginia—An Inquiry into the effects of Light in Respiration.

Robert Berkeley, of Virginia—An Inquiry into the Modus Operandi of that Class of Medicines called Sedatives.

Edward Darrell Smith, of Charleston, South-Carolina—An Attempt to prove that certain Substances are conveyed, unchanged, into the Circulation; or, if changed, that they are recomposed, and regain their active Properties.

James Agnew, of Princeton, New-Jersey—On Perspiration.

John Parker Gough, of Charleston, South-Carolina—Essay on Cantharides.

Alexander May, of Pennsylvania—On the Unity of Disease, as opposed to Nosology.

John Baptiste Clement Rousseau, of Hispaniola—On Absorption.

Joseph Glover, of Charleston, South-Carolina—An Attempt to prove that Digestion in Man depends on the united Causes of Solution and Fermentation.

John Moore, of Pennsylvania—On Digitalis Purpurea, or Fox-Glove.

Frederick Seip, of Philadelphia—On Cataract.

The Manhattan Company, incorporated by an act of the Legislature, passed April 2, 1799, for the purpose of supplying the city of New-York with pure and wholesome water, have already made great progress in that excellent work. The water, which is of a good quality, is raised, by means of forcing-pumps and the strength of horses, from a well on the side-hill in the rear of the debtor's prison. From the reservoir in its neighbourhood, which is on a high and commanding piece of ground, the water is conducted through bored pine logs to the different parts of the town. Already the principal streets are furnished with these aqueducts, which are laid about three feet below the pavement. Private houses are supplied with the water by a small leaden pipe, reaching from the main conduit to their cellar or kitchen; and the expense, both of this and of the supply of water by the year, is very moderate.—In passing from the reservoir to its places of consumption, it loses that extreme coldness which renders water fresh drawn from deep wells dangerous to be drunk in hot weather, and frequently destructive of life. We have not heard of an instance of any person killed, or even incommoded, in this way, by the Manhattan water. Besides the *water*, this company takes the lead in introducing *calcareous materials*, in the form of *lime-stone* and *marble*, for some of their works; and has already shown, that stone of this quality, from Hudson's River, can be obtained as cheap as the silicious *sand-stone* and *granite* heretofore generally in use.

Dr. J. Browne, the superintendant of the water-works, has happily ascertained, that there is, in the county of Westchester, near the margin of the East-River or Sound, a considerable stratum of calcareous stone, well adapted for building and flagging. It extends from

Morrissina many miles to the eastward, and is very accessible from a number of the principal landings. Some of the samples of the stone he has exhibited to the Manhattan Company, are of a white and granulated or crystallized structure, and susceptible of a handsome polish. It is estimated it may be brought to New-York, by a water carriage not much farther than Hell-Gate, upon very moderate terms. Among the means of guarding against pestilence in our cities, the introduction of calcareous stone is an object of great concern.

By calcining sulphate of lime (gypsum) and muriate of soda (common salt) together, in a brisk heat, with the addition of clay, M. Carendeffez has found that a double decomposition takes place in the dry way. The sulphuric acid joins the soda to form a Glauber's salt, while the muriatic acid connects itself with the basis of gypsum into a muriate of lime. The cheapness of *plaster of Paris* and of *sea-salt*, seems to render this process economical, as from them both sulphuric acid and soda are very conveniently procured. And the clay employed to aid the decomposition adds very little to the expense.

Travellers in Africa give us particular accounts of the *tallow-tree* of that continent (croton sebiferum). The American soil produces a shrub (myrica cerifera) whence *wax* can be derived in considerable quantity, without the collecting and elaborating powers of the bee. Dr. Joseph Browne, of the city of New-York, has discovered a method of destroying the *green* colour of this substance, and of whitening it, without the aid of the oxygenated muriatic acid. The process is cheap and easy, and the candles made of it burn as well as those of spermaceti. The American woods afford great numbers of these wax-bearing shrubs, and the wax, when brought to market, sells for sixteen cents per pound, little more than the sum which tallow sells for. The lowness of its price prevents the exertions of the people of the country to collect the berries and extract their wax; in consequence of which, many tons of this valuable natural production are annually lost. Should the ingenious inventor of this new process establish a manufactory for bleaching myrtle-wax, there would be a great saving to the country, and the article, when purified and refined, would be as fit for plasters and ointments as for candles.

A mine, affording coal of an excellent quality, has been opened, lately, on the waters of the river Lehigh, in Pennsylvania. The place is said to be a little north of the gap in the Blue Mountains. This is a fortunate discovery, and it is to be hoped that future researches will detect that invaluable inflammable substance not only in Pennsylvania, but on the upper branches of the Susquehannah, in New-York.

C. D. Ebeling, Professor of History, and Keeper of the Public Library in Hamburgh, whose fourth volume of American Geography, in the German tongue, was mentioned in the Medical Repository, published in this city, has published a fifth. It is a large octavo of more than eight hundred pages, and comprehends his account of the States of Delaware and Maryland. We cannot discover any diminution of the industry and talents displayed in the former parts of this laborious and interesting work. Convinced of the utility of communicating to European writers a true state of things as they exist in America, we again express our hope, that the gentlemen of the United States who have leisure and opportunities, will aid Mr. Ebeling in his laudable undertak-

ing, so that the accounts printed in the eastern hemisphere, concerning the present condition of the western, may be correct and authentic.

We understand that a third edition of *The Magnetic Atlas*, with important improvements, is now preparing for the press, and proposed soon to be published.

It seems this new work is much simplified, and intended to show, by inspection, at a single view, the magnetic variation, on the different parts of the globe, for the commencement of the new century, so necessary to be known and allowed for by every navigator and land-surveyor, demonstrated on the same projection as the former edition, with the addition of curve lines drawn through the different places where the variation is equal, thereby avoiding the trouble and difficulty of measuring angles. To render it as perfect as possible, Mr. Churchman, the author, has been engaged in making observations of the magnetic variation at different places on our coast, in order that the same may be applied to the purpose of ascertaining the longitude at sea; and the recent experiments prove the possibility of making observations with more accuracy than was apprehended, even by some eminent navigators. The following document shows the attention shown to Mr. Churchman in Paris.

Bureau, for the encouragement of the sciences in Paris, the 26th of Frimaire, and 4th of the Republic.

The Minister of the Interior to Citizen John Churchman.

Citizen,

There has been sent me, by the Executive Directory, a memoir, in which you announce that you presented to the National Convention, near the close of their last session, a work, written in the English language, on your method of finding the longitude at sea by the variation of the magnetic needle, and the knowledge of the magnetic points, and you demand an opportunity to prove that discovery by a nautical expedition.

This object is, without doubt, of sufficient importance to merit the attention of government, and I had already decided, that your work should be submitted to the examination of the Institute National, whom it particularly concerns, when an arret arrived from the Directory confirming the same decision.

I inclose you a copy of that arret, which I shall, at the same time, transmit to the National Institute, where you are requested to send your work.

"The Directory Executive invites the Institute National to examine the work of Citizen Churchman, of the United States, written in English, in which the author proposes a method for determining the longitude at sea; and that they will give their advice upon the improvement which will be promoted in navigation by the translating of that work into the French language.

"The Executive Directory requests the Minister of the Interior to transmit the present arret to the Institute National.

"(Signed) REUBELL,
President."

Professor Wildenow, of Berlin, in a letter to Dr. Mitchill, of March 1, 1800, offers to exchange the *seeds* and *dried plants* of Europe for those of America. To the botanists of the United States, an overture of this kind, from a person of so much reputation and experience, promises numerous advantages. This learned gentleman is now engaged in editing a new edition of Linné's Species Plantarum, to include the newly-discovered plants.

The second part of *Arthur Mervyn*, or Memoirs of the year 1793,

has just been published by George F. Hopkins.

An octavo edition of Park's Travels in the interior of Africa, has been published by John Tiebout and George F. Hopkins.

FOREIGN.

THE gaseous oxyd of azote, carefully prepared from the nitrate of ammoniac, was inhaled at the house of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators. The first gentleman who made the experiment, inhaled it without any perceptible effects: he had inhaled this gas before, both in large and small quantities, without its producing any sensible effects. On another gentleman it produced a strong disposition to involuntary laughter, which continued about ten minutes; he afterwards felt his spirits uncommonly lively for the remainder of the day, took his dinner with a better appetite than usual, and said that he felt a particular activity and sense of lightness, as if he could have mounted into the air. The pulse of the third gentleman gradually diminished in strength, and increased in frequency during the inhalation; at last his vision and hearing became indistinct and confused, and a syncope was with difficulty prevented. No other effect than slight head-ach and considerable languor succeeded. The quantity of gas inhaled by each gentleman, was about two gallons.

The third and last volume of that truly splendid, and valuable work, Mr. Beaumont's Travels through the Lepontine Alps, illustrated with twenty-six large views, beautifully engraved, and a chart of places connected with the rout from Lyons in France, to Turin in Lombardy, including the principal peaks of that chain of the Alps from the Bochetta to Mount St. Gothard in the Lepontine Alps, which has been lately delayed on account of the advanced and extravagant price of paper, will speedily be finished.

At Naples there exists a seminary of native Chinese. Excited by the enthusiasts which the catholic missionaries sent to China, have left behind them, they enter into this establishment in order to be instructed in the doctrines of the christian religion, and after a few years return to China, where, upon their arrival, they are hanged. This is what they desire, being persuaded that by it they obtain the palm of martyrdom. Upon this establishment, and its tendency, it was observed, by a number of the National Institute, that, as Naples was then in the hands of the French, it was desirable to make choice of a few of the most intelligent of that seminary, and invite them to Paris, where they might be made extremely useful by the knowledge they might communicate concerning their literature. He further observed, that the National Library of France contained many thousands of Chinese books, which remain there only as objects of curiosity, no one being able to decypher them.

Fair for books at Leipsic—German literature enjoys an advantage which no other country has. We allude to the market for books, furnished by two fairs in the year, at Leipsic; a centre from which literary productions are spread, not only to the confines of the Empire, but throughout Europe. The most considerable of these two fairs is held immediately after the great fair for merchandise, three weeks after Easter, and it continues nearly three weeks. The other, which is called the fair of St. Michael, falls off every year; and it seems probable, that the two fairs will soon be

united in one. No German bookseller fails to attend the great fair, or at least to send an agent in whom he confides. Every one brings with him the books and music he has published in the course of the year. Authors who have published books on their own account, commission some bookseller to take their works to the fair. A large catalogue, in octavo, is published to announce the productions sold by the several booksellers, and even such as are in the press; besides which, every bookseller has a catalogue of his new publications, with the prices affixed. Every day the accounts of the booksellers with each other are settled in a large hall, where there are a great number of small tables and chairs, so that more than an hundred booksellers may place themselves two and two to arrange their business. Here they treat for exchanges of books, or taking them on commission; or, in fine, any business relative to the sale of books. When the booksellers return to their respective abodes, they reprint their catalogues, to announce the new publications they have brought home with them. Literature seems to receive an electrical shock, and to be renovated at these periods; where a circumstantial account of the state of letters may be easily procured. The catalogue of the last fair furnished not less than three thousand new books, and a hundred new pieces of music, exclusive of foreign publications, which occupy a place apart in the catalogue. Novels and theatrical pieces amounted to more than three hundred; but the former were more than four times the number of the latter. Many of these new productions were of little value, and we were too often deceived with titles. There were some continuations of excellent works; but as to publications entirely new, there were not many distinguished for originality, taste, or usefulness.

POETRY.

ODE

To Charleston College.

By J. Davis.

ENcompass'd by a verdant green,
Which oft my feet at dawn have
press'd,
Behold the walls, remotely seen,
Of Charleston College stand confess'd.

Hail! rev'rend pile of classic bricks,
With not a bell to call the crowd;
Oft hast thou witness'd boyish tricks,
And heard the truant laugh aloud.

My busy mem'ry loves to dwell
Upon the gaily-circling hours,
I fix weeks pass'd within thy cell,
Or rather academic bow'rs.

Blest task! to rear the tender thought,
And cultivate th' unfolding mind
Of idle boy, with mischief fraught,
Or unto wickedness inclin'd.

But, Muse! thy sportive wiles restrain,
To George I would my lays address;
George, who can toil, and not complain,
George, whose endowments all confess.

Say! must we both ignobly groan,
Of ev'ry whining boy the jest,
And on our monumental stone
Have, "Here a Pedagogue finds rest!"

Avert this lot, ye Gods, I crave,
Redeem me from the toil of schools;
I was not born to be a slave,
Or, dully wise, to suckle fools.

ODE *to a* CRICKET.*

Written on Sullivan's Iſland.

By J. DAVIS.

MERRY chirper, tuneful gueſt,
That refuge ſeek'ſt beneath my cot,
Undiſturb'd enjoy thy reſt,
Here contentment be thy lot.

On airy wings of goſſamer,
Com'ſt thou from my old abode,
Still my haunt with ſong to cheer,
And of life to ſmooth the road?

Envy not the lofty dome,
Or the coſtly forms of State;
But within my humble room,
Snatch the joys that on thee wait.

Here no ſacrilegious hand
Shall moleſt thy ſnug retreat;
But with numbers gay and bland,
Thy welcome note I'll nightly greet.

Stranger here to all reſtraint,
Cheer me with thy merry ſong;
Or indulge in ſoft complaint—
Pleaſures to the ſad belong!

While the waves around us roar,
Foaming high, without controul,
Safely from the tranquil ſhore,
Fearleſs, hear the tempeſt howl.

HORACE IMITATED.—Ode xi. b. 1.

Tu ne quæſieris.

To JOHN DAVIS.

SEEK not to ſcan thy future ſtate,
How ſoon the Gods ſhall ſeal thy fate,
Nor anxious wiſh to know,
If this the laſt great Jove ordain,
Or other ſummers yet remain,
To glad thy heart below.

Be wiſe! Pour out the ſparkling wine,
Abridge vain hope, invoke the nine,
Diſpel each waſting care;
E'en now the circling minutes fly,
The preſent moment thou enjoy,
Nor future evils fear.

L. GEORGE.

SWIFT IMITATED.

To LUCAS GEORGE.

I CARE not for my doom a curſe!
Vain thought might tend to make it worſe,
But preſent joys partake;
Reſign'd, ſhould Jove ſupreme command
My ſoul to wander from this land,
And croſs the Stygian lake.

Yet, if to drink were to be wiſe,
The ſparkling glaſs ſhall glad my eyes,
If you would ſend me wine;
Whether old *Port* or bright *Champaign*,
Or *Tokay* rich, from Hungary's plain,
Your bard will not repine.

J. DAVIS.

The VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD:

A Fragment.

By ELEANOR.†

WHEN the bright moon her luſtre throws around,
To light the precincts of the ſacred ground,
Where the rude peaſants of the hamlet ſleep,
No more impell'd with worldly cares to weep,
Be mine the fate to roam the tombs among,
Where gloom inſpires with mournful thoughts my ſong—
Pauſe o'er the grave in which partakes repoſe
The frantic lover, freed from all his woes—
Or view the turf that hides the gentle frame
Of her whoſe ſmiles could admiration claim.

Perhaps, beneath this ſpreading cypreſs' gloom,
The village minſtrel finds an early tomb,
Whom vernal flowrets, moiſt with gliſt'ning dews,
Weep o'er at night, in concert with the Muſe.
In vain he ſang the paſtimes of the green,
Where comely ſwains and nymphs were often ſeen,

* Many writers have been charmed with crickets. It is recorded of Scaliger that he kept ſeveral in a box.

† Written in England, 1797. See vol. ii. p. 159, of this Magazine.

Beating at eve, in artleſs dance, the ground,
To the ſoft pipe and tabor's jocund ſound.
Vainly his eye enthuſiaſtic roll'd,
While the ſtrung lyre his thoughts ſublimely told;
For not tradition has preſerv'd the ſong
That once claim'd plaudits from the liſt'ning throng.

Lo! here the half-effac'd inſcription ſhows
An aged parent finds his laſt repoſe,
Whoſe cottage, where the elm-tree ſkirts the road,
Rais'd by his hands, in ruſtic glory ſtood.
Oft did he ſhare the labours of the day,
Where ears of corn in undulation play;
And when, at eve, he ſought his happy home,
The crackling faggot cheer'd the cottage dome;
Nor did the houſe-wife view, without delight,
Her much-lov'd conſort come to bleſs her ſight;
While the ſoft babes, with prattling tongues, drew near,
His envied kiſs, or kind careſs to ſhare.

But here the tablet, to the roving ſight,
Proclaims the ſexton ſleeps in darkeſt night,
Who, thro' twelve years the peaſant's grave had made,
Singing, regardleſs, o'er the uprais'd ſpade,
Nor heard, depreſs'd, the bell in ſolemn toll,
Announce his neighbour's late departed ſoul,
But to his labour at the ſummons ſped,
To form another hillock o'er the dead.
Yet ſince on earth all trades alike await
Th' impending ſhaft of unaverting fate,
This man, who obſequies to thouſands gave,
Here in this ſpot has found himſelf a grave.

But here, where flowets of hues fantaſtic grow,
The gentle ſhepherd, ſtruck by death, lies low,
Who fed his flocks upon the mountain's brow.
Oft did he, at the orient morn, repair
To the ſheep cote, where bleatings fill'd the air,
While his rough dog, with meaſur'd ſteps, behind,
In hoarſe, ſhort barking, bay'd the vernal wind.
No more his feet ſhall climb the ſteepy rock,
No more his hands ſhall ſhear the tender flock,
No more his lambs along the ſtubble ground
Crop the ſweet plant, or in gay frolic bound;
Nor ſhall his pipe, with ſoft, melodious ſtrain,
Breathe to the praiſe of Daphne thro' the plain.

(Cætera deſunt.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Speculatist, No. II." has been received, and will be inserted in the Magazine for September. A continuance of the communications of this pleasing writer is requested.

"Edward and Susan: a Poetical Tale," shall appear in our next Number.

"The *Cottiger*" is, indeed, *too humble a muse* for our Miscellany.

"A Voyage from Bristol to New-York" will be inserted in our next.